THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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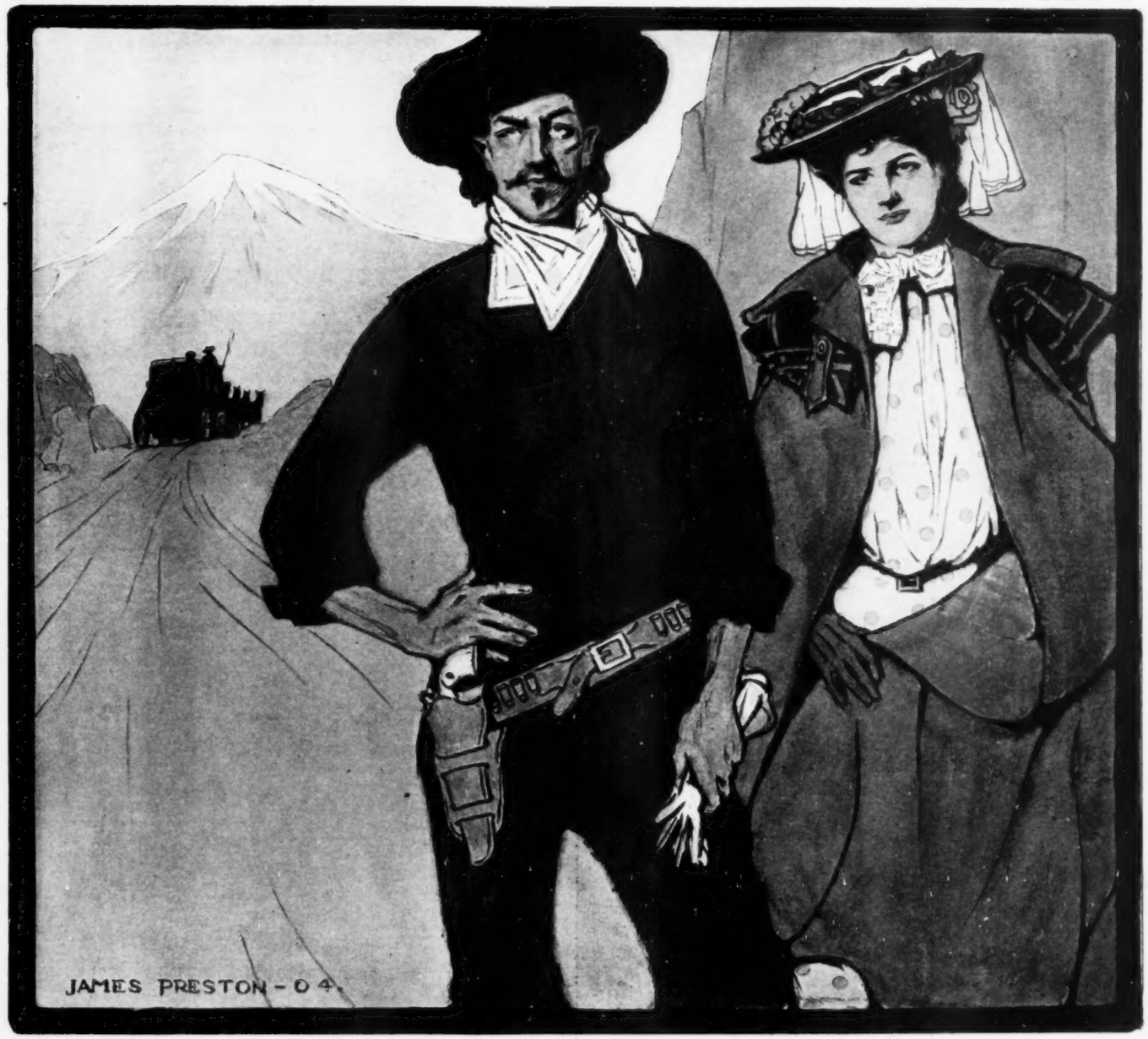

EVE AT HEART'S DESIRE—By Emerson Hough

FOLLOWING ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT
BY SENATOR ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE

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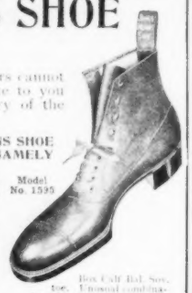

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Fig. 1. Fig. 2.

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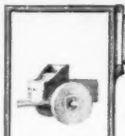

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FOLLOWING ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT

By Senator Albert J. Beveridge

ONE night at the White House several of what the Japanese so aptly call the "elder statesmen" were invited by President Roosevelt into conference upon certain speeches in which he proposed to present important policies to the country. To those policies the Republican party would thus be committed. The discussion of them therefore was most thorough. Not only the thought but even the phrasing was critically considered.

"Well," said Senator Hanna, on his way home after the conference had broken up, "this can be said about Roosevelt: he is anxious to listen to advice. He sticks to his own opinions, it is true; but show him that he is wrong, and he changes his mind without regret; he has no pride of opinion."

"Theodore Roosevelt," said Secretary of War Elihu Root, in conversation last year, "is the most advisable man I ever knew. He has a genius for seeking counsel and sifting it."

And few men of our history have been more widely consulted on more critical questions by Presidents and other important men than Mr. Root. Few men in our history have more quickly and thoroughly captured the admiration and confidence of the American people.

"President Roosevelt," said one whom every President has advised with for thirty years—"President Roosevelt," said this sage in politics and legislation, "asks my opinion more frequently than any President I have ever known in my public life."

This anxiety for wise counsel does not mean that the President distrusts his own clear thinking. But it does mean this: that the President is anxious about only one thing, and that is to be right—to get at the truth of things. In this he has the scientific intellect and method.

It is this element of President Roosevelt's mind and character that makes him one of the widest consultors of experienced men that our public life has yet developed. If you add to this passion for truth the practical element of common-sense you have another reason for his custom of getting opinions from everybody worth while. There is no ray of light on any subject at hand which he rejects.

To be Right and to be President Too

THIS practical common-sense makes him understand that he must not only be right—not only get at the truth—but that he must make it workable. He understands what every man who has dealt with real men and real things knows, that to be fervidly right is beautiful, but to be practically right is effective: and that only the effective counts. The President measures everything by the standard of results. His first question is: What is the right thing to do? Having found this out, the next question is pursued with equal persistence: How can we get it done?

Do not these facts explain the cause of the astonishment of a man of some note, but personally none too friendly to the President, who said last session in Washington: "It does beat the world how Roosevelt succeeds in getting things done."

This unconscious appreciation of Theodore Roosevelt's brief record as a President is justified. The circumstances under which he succeeded to the chief magistracy have been surpassed in difficulties and embarrassments but twice in our history. Certain elements of the situation familiar to all and not necessary to describe here appeared to foredoom him to failure. Yet in less than three years more important, permanent and far-reaching legislation has been effected than at any time in our history, save only when the Constitution was adopted and during and immediately after the Civil War. A few landmarks of historic legislation created during his Administration will illustrate this:

First, The law for the civil government of the Philippines.

Second, Corporate legislation, chief of which is that creating the Department of Commerce, with broad powers, which in the nature of things must steadily grow.

Third, Cuban reciprocity.

Fourth, The treaty and statutes that make the canal a certainty.

Fifth, The law for the irrigation of the great West.

To these many other examples might be added. Some met with opposition and blame, some with praise and support; all in the end proved singularly wise and practical.

"Oh, well," said Senator McMillan, of Michigan, early in the President's Administration, "you may say what you like, but I observe that in his career Roosevelt hasn't made any mistakes when it gets to results." And every one in both branches of Congress knew James McMillan as one of the most level-headed, accurate and conservative judges of measures and men that Washington has seen for many a long decade.

A notion that the President is impulsive and self-willed has been carefully and purposely propagated. The above facts show how unjust this estimate is. Perhaps, however, there is an excuse for the opinion. It may come from the President's quick manner in speech and action in matters of little moment, and which are, of course, far more numerous than those mighty affairs that he considers with painstaking deliberation. For he sees what a man who is talking to him is driving at before he is half through, and sometimes, in minor things, answers a proposition before the visitor thinks he has put it. But this is a characteristic common to most productive intellects, whether in business or statesmanship. It is said of Mr. Morgan, who is by common consent one of the first, if not the first, financial mind of the times, that he decides questions of enormous importance so quickly that the interested one feels that the great financier has given it no consideration. As a matter of fact, his mind has flashed all over it. The same thing is reported of the intellectual processes of most great men of affairs, whose tremendous and permanent successes have made them known all over the world.

Said one of the notable business men of the Middle West when the incredible speed of his judgments and even swifter action on them was mentioned: "I am fifty years old. What have I been using those fifty years for? The half century of my life has been devoted to training my mind to take things in and settle them with ever-increasing speed. If I had not done this I never could have made the success in affairs which my friends are kind enough to say that I have made."

But the President has a greater business to attend to than any of these mighty chieftains of affairs; yet the President must see and hear a multitude of people whom those great business men would never permit to bother them. And President Roosevelt *does* see this "multitude"—likes to see them—but does not permit that circumstance to take *all* his time.

Lawyers will recall the same phenomenon of swift mental action in legal council. Similar illustrations are drawn from the lives and deeds of great military commanders, and are so numerous that they are commonplace; and even more may be cited from the careers of statesmen who have made history.

What does it mean? Conclusion without knowledge, action without consideration? No. It means this—a brain so trained as to bring its resources to bear instantly on any given subject; and a determination not to permit the flood of little things, which, nevertheless, a President must personally dispose of, to take his time from the more weighty business of the nation. Such equipment is necessary, too. The head of a great business must comprehend quickly and often decide in the act of comprehending. Otherwise he would not long be master of the business; the business would master him, overwhelm him, crush him.

A Man, Not an Owl Nor a Mask

AND if this is true of business it is proportionately truer of the conduct of the government of the greatest nation in the world. It must be remembered that solidity is not wisdom. "He looks as wise as an owl" has grown into our common speech as descriptive of a type of man with whom every community is familiar, who gets credit for a certain amount of wisdom because he says nothing and says it slowly. In public life this is peculiarly true. It may spring from any one of three causes: A man may mask an absolute vacuity of thought by ponderous looks and emptiness of speech; or, secondly, such a man may be able to think, but cowardice may prevent him speaking frankly; or, thirdly, mere craft and cunning may produce the same results—such are those who take no position when the fight is on and the question yet undecided, but who speak with emphasis when the battle is over and the issue is determined. Neither type is admirable—which is of no consequence; but also

neither type is safe—which is of great consequence. It is of the first importance to a business nation like ours that the whole people shall know where their public servants stand on all questions.

Frankness is a quality of statesmanship in a republican government. Sometimes the President's friends think he ought to give more time to everybody and every subject no matter how unimportant—it would take away the one criticism of him. But after all, such a course would only be a cheap trick—a sort of play-acting. And it would take time from the business the people chose him to do for them. For Theodore Roosevelt attends to the business of the nation. There is no business man in the United States who has anything like his correspondence; no politician who has anything like the number and complexity of the President's problems in matters of patronage; not a Congressman or Senator who gives and must give such attention to matters of pure statesmanship.

It is said, and truly, that there is a type of politician, of which one or two Senators in recent years have been examples, who maintain their political supremacy in their own States partly and even largely by minute and almost exclusive attention to the details of patronage—the picking out of workers for official reward, the promotion of the "faithful," the rejection and—by that token—the punishment of those who are not true. And these State "bosses" are usually men of large ability and of patient and unflagging industry. Yet the matters which occupy them so that they cannot attend to anything else are a very small fraction of what President Roosevelt does in sifting recommendations, rejecting some, selecting others—and this, too, not to build a machine, as with the State "boss," but, what is more difficult, to find the best public servants. The time of the State "boss" is taken up with patronage; yet he attends only to a State, whereas the President, with higher purpose harder to accomplish, attends to a nation. And though, as he must necessarily do, he leaves the naming of most appointees, who are not under the civil service, to Senators and Representatives, holding them strictly accountable for those whom he appoints on their recommendations, nevertheless Theodore Roosevelt keeps an eye on nearly all of them, and in any disputed case personally investigates proposed candidates for appointment himself.

An Example of the President's Watchfulness

"MR. —— ought to be appointed. He is competent and he has earned it by party service," said a certain Congressman.

"Yes, that's so," said another; "but there is that unfortunate blemish in his record."

"Oh, well, but the President will never know about that."

"Don't you believe it. He will know all about that within a week from the time we present his name."

This typical conversation, which actually occurred, shows how the President's omnipresence has grown into the consciousness of Senators and Congressmen.

"You can't fool Roosevelt," said a Senator of long experience and notable sagacity, "or if you fool him once you never will fool him again."

Yet this painstaking attention to the appointment of the people's servants who must run their government is but a small part of what the President does.

"I must go to the White House to-night," said the chief of a certain important bureau in one of the departments, in excusing himself from a social engagement. And by ten o'clock the President, by penetrating questions, had brought his own information of the facts and progress of that bureau as completely up to date as that of the chief of the bureau himself. And all of this was for the purpose of suggesting changes that would simplify the bureau's work and for mapping out improvements.

Yet before the President had done this he had seen two Senators on important measures before Congress; and, afterward, had a consultation with several gentlemen who had come to see him. And at dinner he had as his guest a notable literary man. This is a typical evening of the President of the United States.

One Day from a Really Busy Man's Life

HERE is the exact authoritative program the President follows every day except Sunday:

9 to 10 A. M., disposes of his mail with his secretary, and signs official documents, appointments, commissions, pardon papers, etc.

10 to 11, receives Senators and Congressmen.

11 to 12, receives public officials by special appointment.

12 to 12:30 P. M., reception to the public.

12:30 to 1:30, receives people by special appointment.

1:30 to 2:30, luncheon.

2:30 to 4, receives Senators, Congressmen, Cabinet officers, and other parties by special appointment.

4 to 4:30, disposes of accumulated mail and public papers with his secretary.

4:30 to 6:30, takes a walk, horseback ride or other outdoor exercise.

7:30, dines.

9:30, receives Cabinet officers, or Senators and other persons on important pressing public business, or else dictates important state papers.

11 P. M., retires.

If the reader will now recall that there are nine departments of the Government—State, Treasury, War, Justice, Post-office, Navy, Interior, Agriculture, Commerce and Labor; each department divided into bureaus; each bureau with its appropriate work, and then reflect that President Roosevelt keeps abreast of the work of every department, the reader will begin to comprehend something of the size of his task.

For example, no American President has kept his hand more intimately on our foreign relations than President Roosevelt. Of course, he relies upon that admirable Secretary of State and first of modern diplomats, John Hay; but the President keeps in instant and hourly touch with every act. There are seven hundred and fourteen consuls and consular agents of the United States stationed throughout the world who make reports to the State Department. This is merely one phase of the commercial activities of our Department of Foreign Affairs. Very few people read these consular reports. There are officers in the State Department who read them, and read them industriously. The Secretary of State keeps surprisingly posted on their contents.

But a studious reader of the most important of these consular reports is the President himself.

All of us are convinced that the Secretary of State has quite enough work for any one man, no matter how great he may be. So has the Secretary of the Treasury, the Attorney-General and Secretaries of the Interior, Agriculture, Navy, Commerce and Labor, and especially the Secretary of War. Yet with the work of all of them the President feels bound to be personally familiar; and all large matters that affect policies he usually inspires himself. How can he do it? Exactly as every considerable task is accomplished; exactly as Japan is conducting her campaigns; as Spencer completed his philosophical work; as Rockefeller built up his amazing business; as Darwin wrought out his theories from his countless experiments. That is to say—by economy of time, by systematic application, by organization, in a word. No moment wasted, no effort thrown away. Play in the hour of play—work in the period of work; *and work to the point.*

There is certainly something to be said for the view that the work of departments should be left exclusively to the Secretaries of those departments, and that the President burdens himself unnecessarily in even keeping informed minutely. On the other hand, the Constitution contemplates just this familiarity of the President with the workings of each executive department; and it is plain that such pains-taking makes for efficiency and purity of the service. No department can become honeycombed with corruption while under such careful and incessant inspection by the Chief Magistrate of the nation himself.

We have enumerated acts and responsibilities "enough to kill a dozen men," as the vernacular has it, and yet we have not reached the most important and arduous of the President's tasks—the formulation of policies which must have the sanction of legislation; the handling of proposed measures so that different opinions are reconciled and harmony secured between both branches of Congress, and then between these and the Executive himself. The mere statement of this tremendous duty shows its magnitude. It requires downright hard thinking of the most earnest kind; accuracy of conclusion, breadth and correctness of information. And that all this may be possible, deep and broad study and wide consultation with experienced and informed men is necessary.

How Policies are Shaped and Engineered

WHEN all this has been done the statesman's plans must be placed before the people and the enginery of public opinion set in motion. For, after all, public opinion is what controls Congress, and it is the only thing that does control Congress. The Senate of the United States is undoubtedly the steadiest legislative body in the world. It cannot be stampeded. It works slowly, thoroughly, serenely. And there is only one power on earth to which it yields—public opinion. When the Senate of the United States becomes convinced that the great body of the American people have made up their minds about a measure or policy—and made up their minds for good—the Senate is the best register of that fact. It is not influenced, however, by any temporary agitations. No tempests of public passion affect it in the least. Only the continuous, settled, permanent purposes of the millions influence it.

So, when the President, after careful reflection and debate on every feature of a proposed policy, finally determines upon it, he first appeals to the people—first asks the support of public opinion. At least this is President Roosevelt's plan. Having obtained the approval of the people whom he serves the rest is not so difficult. Then comes the formulation of the policy into tangible, workable laws. This, of course, is the work of Congress. But even so, in the case of measures which express the policy of an Administration, the mere drafting of the bill requires numerous consultations,

THE WHITE HOUSE.

not only with the Attorney-General but with the solicitors of any department affected, and in any event with the ablest legal men in both branches of Congress.

Finally the law is produced, and then comes the delicate but all-important task of its passage. Sometimes a few members of his own party may hesitate about his measure. Various Presidents have employed various methods to meet such situations; and the irritation of some of our Presidents, caused by these awkward situations, have produced picturesque and descriptive phrases such as Mr. Cleveland's remark that he "had Congress on his hands," or President Harrison's reference to the House and Senate as being "a team of wild horses," and the like. In the repeal of the silver-purchasing clause of our financial laws some years ago President Cleveland felt compelled to use the patronage of the Government very frankly and without any disguise to secure the necessary votes. Other Presidents have resorted to this, that and the other device. *President Roosevelt employs none of these.* His method is the elementally simple one of going directly to the people, from whom Congressmen, Senators and President alike derive their power. This strictly democratic rule he follows without any exception and sometimes against the advice of his ablest and most cautious counselors; and thus far the result has proven that President Roosevelt was right. These observations apply, of course, only to Administration measures.

The Policy of Frankness

A SIGNAL illustration of this was the President's action on Cuban reciprocity. There had been hesitation, delay, complications. One day Congress was surprised by a ringing message from the President. It was not only an appeal to each Senator and Representative; it was in the very highest form an address to the American people by their Chief Magistrate. And it did its work.

Another historic illustration of President Roosevelt's principle of direct appeal to the millions was his message to the Senate on Panama. Whole batteries of insinuation, attack, abuse, misrepresentation had been unmasked and were in full thunder. Opposition newspapers reeked with innuendo of dark doings, or flamed with open charges. Experienced political leaders advised the President to be silent.

"But we have nothing to conceal," answered the President "The American people have a right to know what their President and their Government have done and just where the United States stands and all that has occurred, and I propose that they shall know it."

In went the message therefore, which again was not only a plain narrative of the facts, but a frank statement to every one of our eighty millions of all that the President had been doing; an appeal to the man in the street and at the plow for their personal approval. And they did approve it. The day that message reached the Capitol the Panama question ceased to exist, the hopes of a great leader of the Opposition were destroyed, and a sought-for issue against the President and his party annihilated.

Do not infer from this that the President is not a politician. The truth must be admitted that, like his great predecessor, William McKinley, he is a politician, and a highly trained and exceedingly skillful politician. In the Senate cloakroom one day it was agreed that the President was a deep student and had correct notions of great public policies.

"But," said one, "he is no politician." And so the conversation continued. Meanwhile up and down the cloakroom strode one of the best politicians that our system has produced—if, indeed, not the first of them all. Suddenly he spoke up:

"Gentlemen," he said, "the man who thinks Roosevelt is not a politician had better change his mind before he runs up against him. I have been dealing with politicians, big and little, all my life, and I say to you that there is not an abler politician in the whole country to-day than the President himself. Don't be fooled by his hearty, offhand manner. Nobody knows the cards better than he does."

The Keynote of His Political Policy

THIS rough judgment will be concurred in by all who have observed the President's handling of those lesser problems in which politicians are supposed to be adept—but problems that affect the fate of policies and the passage of laws as well as the harmonious working of party machinery. Neither Mr. Lewis, who was President Jackson's great political manager, and one of the best, if, indeed, not the very greatest of all the politicians the country has ever seen; nor yet Mr. Whitney, whose skill and delicacy in the adjustment of these necessary political matters has become a matter of common knowledge; nor Mr. Manning, nor any of the politicians living to-day, could weigh more carefully the various ingredients of a political situation or compound them more skillfully than can President Roosevelt.

But here is a striking, overruling element of him as a politician: Where a question of right is not involved he will judge and decide upon the ground of expediency and effectiveness as measured by results; but the moment the situation contains a question of right or wrong the President will throw any previous plan to the winds with the explanation, "No, that is not right—that can't be done. Some other way must be found." So that those profound springs of righteousness which vitalize his whole life are manifest even in his work as a politician—indeed, they are even more conspicuous there than elsewhere.

I have said that the President is a veteran politician, and have quoted expert authority upon it. But when we come to reflect it is difficult to see how a man of his peculiar experience could help being a politician, whether he wanted to be or not. Consider his training as a member of the New York Legislature, as Police Commissioner of the metropolis, as Governor of the Empire State, and the various places that he has filled with such distinction and success. In every one of these he had to deal daily and hourly with all sorts and conditions of men; but, most of all, he had to deal continuously with politicians, and very accomplished ones at that. Yet he managed to get through it all, largely to have his own way, and yet to keep antagonistic political forces in comparative harmony or at least in actual and effective support of himself. The very accretion of daily experience would have made the dullest man a fair politician, and a keen, alert man a very able politician; and the whole world knows that there is not a more vigilant and tenacious intellect in public life to-day than the President of the United States.

Does not this explain his ability to get along with men? Note the absence of dissensions in his Cabinet. Note, too, the strong individuality of its members. Observe, lastly, the harmony between the President and Congress. Nobody ever hears of President Roosevelt being in a quarrel with anybody; and we should hear of it, be sure, were there the least excuse for a story of such conflict.

One quality of the successful politician of the higher type is that of being unflinchingly steadfast to friends. This is true because fidelity to those who serve you binds men to you as money cannot bind them, nor fear nor favor. This is merely human nature. We like to stand by a man who will stand by us. This is one secret of the success of great business men. It is notable among great generals. Nowhere is it more conspicuous than in public life.

In recent years Senator Hanna has been the most brilliant and beloved example of this quality of standing by his friends. It was one of the sources of his amazing and constantly increasing power. The same is true and as true of President Roosevelt. Furthermore, he notes with the attention of a military commander efficient services in the actual work of the campaigns. The country is full of precinct and county committeemen in the country districts. These are usually farmers whose inducement is nothing more than their desire to help manage the actual work of campaigns. They take the poll. They keep informed of what each of the neighbors in their community is thinking on political questions. They see to it that they who are in agreement with them politically get out to the polls. They are careful that those who belong to the opposition party but who are open to argument receive literature that will help them to change to the right side. They do those countless things that keep interest in politics alive among the masses. This is the concrete way in which our democratic institutions work.

The Most National of Our Presidents

THESE men are known in common parlance as the "boys in the trenches." But for them, not one-third of the vote would be polled in any except the most exciting and critical elections. And it cannot be too often repeated that these men are "in the trenches" because they like to be there, and not for reward—and especially not for money reward. They simply enjoy the work of popular government. Incidentally they like to be consulted as to who shall be appointed to any office from their county. "Why do you waste your time in politics?" was asked of an old and wealthy farmer, in a certain county in Indiana? "Oh," he answered, "because somebody must do it, or the country would go to the dogs. Besides, I enjoy the game." And this man could not be corrupted by money, and has never asked for office.

Not all of these local politicians are of so high a type; but many of them are. And at any rate the tens of thousands of them throughout the land are the forces that make conventions, "get out the vote," and, in the last analysis, run the Government. Very well, these men will be surprised to know how thoroughly the President is informed of their efforts generally and in many cases knows individually about the specially excellent work of a man here, there and yonder.

It may be said that the President of the United States ought not to give his attention to anything except higher questions of national policy. That might be all right for an autocratic government like Russia. But ours is a Republic. Our President is not a ruler; he is merely the representative of the people. Therefore his first business is to keep in close, human touch with the people. And Theodore Roosevelt does this with a thoroughness and hearty sympathy which few men would have the patience for.

There is one thing about the President and his career that, to those who believe in Providence, seems almost providential:

In birth, training and sympathies *he is the most national of our Presidents.*

(Concluded on Page 21)

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Eve at Heart's Desire

By EMERSON HOUGH

"YOU might look several times at me," said Dan Anderson, "and yet not read all my past in these fair lineaments."

This seemed unworthy of notice. A man's past was a subject tabooed in Heart's Desire. Besides, the morning was already so warm that we were glad to seek the shade of an adobe wall. Conversation languished. Dan Anderson absent-mindedly rolled a cigarette with one hand, his gaze the while fixed on the far horizon, on which we could see the faint loom of the Bonitos, toothed upon the blue sky, fifty miles away. His mind also might have been fifty miles away, as he gazed vaguely. There was nothing to do. We were lawyers, but there was no law. There was only the sun, and as against it the shade. That made up life at Heart's Desire. It was a million miles away to any other sort of world; and that world, in so far as it had reference to a past, was a subject not mentioned among the men of Heart's Desire. Yet this morning there seemed to be something upon Dan Anderson's mind, as he edged a little farther along into the shade, and felt in his pocket for a match.

"No, you wouldn't think, just to look at me, my friend," said he, "you wouldn't think, without runnin' side lines, and takin' elevations for dips, spurs and angles, that I had ever been anything but a barrister, now would you? Attorney and Counselor-at-law, all hours of the day and night: that bill of specifications is writ on my brow, ain't it? You like enough couldn't believe that I was ever anything else—several things else, could you?"

His speech still failed of interest, except as it afforded additional proof of the manner in which Yale, Harvard, Princeton and the like disappeared from the speech of all men at Heart's Desire. Dan Anderson sat down in the shade, his long legs stretched out in front of him. "My boy," said he, "you can gaze at me if you ain't too tired. As a matter of fact, in this pernicious age of specialization I stand out as the one glitterin' example of success in more than one line. Why, once I was a success as a journalist—for a few brief moments."

There was now a certain softness and innocence in his voice which had portent, although I did not at that time suspect that he really had anything of consequence upon his soul. Without more encouragement he went on.

"My brother," said he, "when I first came out of Princeton I was burnin' up with zeal. There was the world, the whole wide world, plunged into an abyss of error and wrongdoin'. I was the sole and remainin' hope. Like all great men, I naturally wanted to begin the savin' as early as possible; and like everybody else who comes out of Princeton, I thought the best medium for immediate salvation was journalism. I wasn't a newspaper man. I never said that at all. I was a Journalist.

"Well, dad got me a place on a paper in New York, and I worked on the dog-fight department for a time, it havin' been discovered that I was noted along certain lines of research in Princeton. I knew the pedigree and fightin' weight of every white, black or brindle pup in four States. Now, a whole lot of fellows come out of college who don't know that much; or if they do they don't know how to apply their knowledge. Now, dogs, that's plumb useful.

"I was still doin' dogs when the Presidential campaign came along, or rather, that feature of our national customs which precedes the selection of the people's choice. First thing, of course, the People's Choice had to take a run over the country—which was a good thing, too, because he didn't know much about it—and let the people in general know that he was their choice. I went along to tell the other people how he broke it to them."

I confess I sat up at this, for there was now so supreme an innocence in Dan Anderson's eye that one might have been morally certain that something was coming. "From dogs to politics—wasn't that a little singular?" I asked.

"Yes," said he; "but you have to be versatile in journalism. The regular man who was to have gone on that special Presidential car got slugged at an art gatherin'. I didn't ask for the place. I just went and told the managin' editor I was ready if he would give me a check for expense money. It wouldn't have been good form for him to look up and pay any attention to me, so I got the job. I needed to see the country just as much as the People's Choice did.

"Three other fellows went along—newspaper men. I was the only real journalist. We did the Presidential tour for ten towns a day. I watched what the other fellows did, and in about two hours it was easy. Everything's easy if you think so. Folks make a lot of fuss about gettin' along in the world. That's all a mistake.

"People's Choice tore it off in fine shape. Comin' into Basswood Junction he turns to his Hon. Sec. and says he: 'Jimmy, what's this?' Jimmy turns to his card cabinet, and says he: 'Prexie, this is Basswood Junction. Three railroads come in here—and get away as soon as they can. Four overall factories and a reaper plant. Population 6000 and increasin' satisfactory. Honorable Charles D. Bastrop, M. C. from this district, on the straight Republican ticket for the last 300 years; world without end.'

"Then the train would pull into this station to the sad, sweet notes of the oompah horn, and the delegation of leadin' citizens would file in behind the car, and the first leadin' citizen would get red in the face with his welcome talk, while we four slaves of the people were hustling the President's speech to the depot telegraph wire before he said it. People's Choice, he stands on the back platform with one hand in his bosom, and says he: 'Fellow-citizens of Basswood Junction, I am proud to see before me this large and distinguished gatherin' of our noble North American fauna. My visit to your pleasant valley is wholly without political significance. These noble et cetera; these smilin' et cetera; these beautiful et cetera, fill me with the proudest emotions of et cetera. This, our great and glorious et cetera, Basswood Junction has four magnificent factories and is the centre of three great trunk lines of railroad which radiate et cetera; it is destined to a great commercial et cetera. And what could be more confirmatory of the sober, practical judgment of the citizens of this flourishing community than the fact that they have produced and given to the world that distinguished statesman and gentleman, the Honorable Charles D. Bastrop, who is your representative in the Congress of the United States, and who has always et cetera, et cetera? Fellow-citizens, the issue before this country today——;' and that was where he would hit his gait. He had three of these, and on the schedule laid out by the chairman of the Central Committee he couldn't spring any two alike closer together than a hundred miles. The whole business would take about five minutes to a station. We would put number Two, or number Three, or whichever it was, on the wire while the People's Choice was talkin', provided we could catch the station agent, who on such occasions was bigger than the President. Then, toot! toot! and we were off for the next Basswood Junction, to show 'em who was their spontaneous choice.

"Well, that was all right, and it was easy work to report. The only thing was not to get number One speech mixed up with number Two or number Three at any given point. The Hon. Sec. had to attend to that. So all the time we were bored for somethin' to do. What we was hopin' and longin' for all the time was that some one in the opposition at some station would haul off and throw a brick at the car. Then we would have had some News."

"Oh," said I, "you got to wanting news! You had a narrow escape."

"Maybe," said Dan Anderson. "I admit I got to likin' the game. I think, too, I did get to understandin' what news was. So one day, when I was mighty tired of the four-factory, railroad-centre; leadin'-citizen business, I mixed up the speeches on the Hon. Sec. between stations." Dan Anderson blew a faint wreath of blue smoke up toward the blue sky and remained silent for a time.

"The next particular Basswood Junction happened to be a Democratic minin' town, instead of a Republican agricultural community. It didn't have any overall factories at all. They didn't relish bein' told that they had voted the straight Republican ticket ever since Alexander Hamilton, and that they had given to the public that distinguished citizen, James H. Blinkensop, when the man they had really given to the public was Dan G. Healy. Oh, the whole thing got all mixed up. Now, that was News! An' they fired me by wire that night. The People's Choice was awful hostile. An' me raised tender, too!"

"Well, then, what did you do?" asked I, getting interested in spite of myself.

"I was far, far from home. But not thus easily could I be shaken out of my chosen profession. In thirty-eight minutes I was at work as managin' editor of a mornin' paper. That particular Basswood Junction was just startin' a daily, the kind the real-estate men and the local Congressman have to support or go out of the business. Their editor had been raised on a weekly, and had been used to goin' to sleep at eight o'clock in the evenin'. The rumor spread that a metropolitan journalist had fallen out of a balloon into their midst. That morning's paper was two days late. So I just went in and went to work. I sent every one else home to bed, and sat down to write the paper.

"Of course, I began with dogs, for on account of my early trainin' I knew more about that. Two columns of Dogs as a Local Industry. Then I took up Mineral Resources, about half a column. Might have played that up a little stronger, but I was shy on facts. Then I did the Literary and Dramatic. I shuddered when I struck that, because when a man on a paper gets put on Literary and Dramatic it usually isn't far to his finish. Next, I had to do Society. Didn't know anybody there, so that was a little hard. Had to content myself with the Beautiful-and-Accomplished-Who-Shall-be-Nameless; that sort of thing. Why," said Dan Anderson plaintively, "it's awful hard to write society and local news in a town when you've only been there fifteen minutes. But a real metropolitan journalist ought to be able to, and I did.

"By this time the office force was standin' around some awed. I sent the foreman of the pressroom out for a bottle of fizz. Sarsaparilla was the nearest he could come to it, but it went. Then I turned my hot young blood loose on the editorial page. 'This,' said I, 'is my opportunity to save the country, and I'm goin' to save it, right here.' It was then eleven hours, forty-five minutes and eight seconds by the grandpa clock which adorned the newly-furnished sanctum." Dan Anderson again sat silent a few moments, the stub of his *cigarrito* between his fingers.

"Oh, well," said he, "it might, perhaps, have been worse, although I admit that was unlikely. I couldn't prove an alibi, but there were extenuatin' circumstances. The fact was, I got the politics of that community mixed up almost as bad as the People's Choice. That community woke up as one man at six-thirty the next morning and turned out to see the evidence of their progress. I never did see so many Democrats in my life. Or was it Republicans? I forget. I had give 'em a good hot mixed Princeton paper, dog, international law, society, industrial progress, footlight favorites and the whole business; had Sermons from Many Lands, and a Conundrum department, as well as a Household Corner—How to get Beautiful for the ladies, How to get Rich for the men, How to get Strong for the advertisers—why, if I do say it, I don't believe any one fellow was ever much more cosmopolitan in all his life, inside the space of one night's writin'. But they didn't like me. I was too good for them. Ah, well!"

Dan Anderson sighed softly. The lazy sun crawled on. Nobody came into the street. There was nothing to happen. It might have been an hour before Dan Anderson leaned over, picked up a splinter to whittle and went on with his story, back of which I was long before this well convinced there remained some topic concealed beneath his inconsequent and picturesque details.

"At that stage of my *entwickelung*, as the French say, I still wore my trousers with a strong crimp at the bottom, and cut pear-shaped at the hips. That pair was. The next one wasn't. It was a long, long way to that next pair. I forget how many years.

"You see, by that time—although I did still say 'rully,' account of having roomed with a man who had been in Harvard for a while—I was really beginning to wake up just a little bit. My dad still supposed I was doing dog on the dramatic page in New York, whereas the facts were, I had been fired twice. But that did me good. I sort of woke up about then, and realized there were such things in the world as folks. I wasn't the People's Choice—not yet—but I was learnin' a heap more about the Basswood Junctions of this world. And I want to say to you that after all's said and done, Princeton hasn't got Basswood Junction skinned no ways permanent. There is several kinds of things in life, when you come to find it out. It ain't all in the gay metropolis.

"At half-past four one afternoon I turned the roll down out of my trousers and took account of the world. Says I to myself, 'Journalism is not a science. It ain't exact enough.' Then I thought of studyin' medicine. Bah! That's not a science. It's a survival. I clerked for a while, but I couldn't stand it. What I was lookin' for was a science. At last I concluded to take up law, because I thought it was more of a science than any of these other things. I wanted some place where I could sort of reason things out, and have them fit and hang together. Well, the law—well, you know the law isn't just exactly that way. But it's a beautiful thing if you just hang to the principles, and don't believe too much of the practice. The law is disgraced—but at bottom what the law *meant* to do was to give humanity some sort of a square deal; which, of course, it doesn't. It ain't a science; but I love it because it might have been."

He fell silent once again for a time, after his fashion, but now his gaze was softened, although he went on with his light speech. "I rather thought I would take up the science of the law as the most possible line of activity for a man of my attainments. I began to read a little on the side. Then I didn't know whether to have contempt for us fools who live and endure the eternal folly, or whether I ought to pity Basswood Junction and Princeton, because life is all so awfully hard and hopeless. Meantime, Old Mr. World went right on, didn't stop to ask me anything. You can understand, these things took a little time. Meantime, my dad had sized me up as one more young man ruined by college life. The old man had a heap of sense in him, and he did the right thing. He told me to go to the devil."

"So you came West?"

"So I came West. Same pants."

"GIRL!" HE CRIED. "GIRL!"

"But you haven't told me about the girl," said I quietly.

Ah, that was it, then! I could see his eyelids twitch. A moisture broke out on his lower lip, in that country where perspiration was unknown. "And you!" he said. "But then, it didn't take much brains to guess that. It was the same way with you. We all of us came here to Heart's Desire because some time, some where, there was a Girl."

So now we both were silent. Indeed, all the world was silent. The calm valley lay unwinking in the sun. The grave mountains stood about unperturbed, unagitated, calm. The blue sky swept above, peaceful, even, unflecked by any moving cloud. There was not a leaf in all that land to give a rustle, nor any water which might afford a ripple. It was a world silent, finished, past and beyond life and its frettings, with nothing to trouble, and with nothing which bade one think of any world gone by. Here was no place for memories or dreams. The rush of another world might go on. Folk might live and love, grieve and joy, and sorrow and die, and it mattered nothing. These things came not to Heart's Desire. So we sat silent. Yet presently Dan Anderson was guilty of a thing revolutionary, horrible! He sat still as long as he could, but at length there broke from him a groan that was half a sob. He rose and flung out an arm at the great blue heaven. "Girl!" he cried. "Girl!" Then he sank down, burying his face in his hands. One might have heard falling, faint and far off, the shattered crystals of the walls that had long hedged sacredly about the valley of Heart's Desire. One might have heard, sweeping the soft and silken curtains of its oblivion, the rough rush of a disturbing wind!

Dan Anderson's face was white when he was able to speak at all. His back was turned to me as he gazed down the valley. "Friend," said he, "I swore never to think of her once more. Of course, the old ways had to end. Her people wouldn't have it. She told me she could not be happy with a dreamer; that it was no time for dreamers; that the world was run by workers. She told me—well, I came West, and after a while a little farther West.

"I hadn't begun, I know that. It was fair enough to suppose I never should begin. But at least I didn't holler. I sat down to read law. Ah, don't let's talk of it. Her face was on the pages. I would brush it off, and read over a page a dozen times. I had to force it into my mind. I worked so hard—but maybe it was all the better for me. I not only learned my law, but I remember to this minute every misplaced comma and every broken type on every page I read; and I know how type looks, irregularly set around a roll of brown hair and a pair of gray eyes that look straight at you. My boy, when the principles of law are back and under that kind of a page illustration they are hard to get, and you don't forget them when they're yours. It wasn't hard to learn things in Princeton. It's the things out of college that are hard to learn.

"Well, you know how that is. A fellow lives because this physical machine of ours is wound up for threescore years and ten, and unless the powers of evil get their fingers in the works, it runs. Well, one time, after I was admitted to the bar back there, I was sitting one night reading Chitty on Pleadings. That was the worst of all the books. Contracts, notes and bills, torts, replevin and ejectment—all those things were easy. But when I got to Chitty, the girl's face would always get on the page and stick there. So one night, seeing that I was gone, I took Chitty on Pleadings, Girl's face and all, and screwed it shut, tight and fast in the letter-press. I allowed she couldn't get out of there. Then I pulled my freight. I punched a burro into Heart's Desire, just as you did. I have lived here, just as you have. No life, no trouble, no women—why, you know, this is Heart's Desire!"

"It was," said I; "God bless it."

"And amen! We'd all have been in the army, or burglary, or outlawry, if it hadn't been for Heart's Desire. God bless it."

"But she got out," said I. "Some one unscrewed the press?"

"Yes," said Dan Anderson. "She's out. They're out. I tell you, they're out, all over the world!

"We were three hundred men here, and it was Heaven. One vast commune, and yet no commune. Everything there was if you asked for it, and nothing you could take if you didn't ask. Not a church, because there wasn't a woman. Not a school, because there wasn't a woman. Not a courthouse, because there wasn't any crime, and that because there wasn't a woman. Not a society—not a home—and I thank God for it. I knew what it was back there—every man suspicious, every man scared, every man afraid of his own shadow—not a clean, true note in all the world; and incidentally a woman behind every tree, in every corner, whichever way you turned. Life in the States was being a *peon* with a halter around your neck. But it was never that way here. There never was any crime in Heart's Desire. It's no crime to shoot a man when he's tired of living and wants you to kill him. Why, this was Heart's Desire until——"

"Until the press got loose?"

"It's loose all over the world!" cried Dan Anderson. "They've got out. You can't keep them in. How did Billy the Kid get killed over at Sumner? Woman in it. When the boys arrested this fellow Garcia over at the Nogales, what was it all about? A woman. What set the desperado Arragon on the warpath so the boys had to kill him? That was a woman, too. What made Bill Hilliard kill Pete Anderson? Woman moved in within fifty miles of them on the Nogales. Here's Curly, good man in his profession. Night-wrangler, day herder, bog-rider, buster, top-waddy—why, he'd be the old man on the range for his company if that Kansas family hadn't moved down in here and married him. It's Paradise Lost, that's what it is. Arizona next, and it's full of copper mines and railroads. Where shall we go?" The sweat stood full on his lip now, and a deep line ran across his forehead. "Where shall we go?" he repeated insistently. "Come!"

In my own bitterness at all this I grew sarcastic with him. "Sit down," said I. "Why all this foolishness about a college girl, with a shirtwaist and a straw hat?"

"Oh, now," and his forehead puckered up, "don't you be deceived for one minute, my friend. This

(Continued on Page 24)

"WHEN A MAN BEGINS TO WORRY ABOUT WHAT TIME THE STAGE'LL COME IN, HE'S GETTIN' TOO BLAMED PARTICULAR FOR THIS COUNTRY"

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

From Hitherto Unpublished Letters of MR. T. H. BROOKE

THE interest in Napoleon does not lessen, and every week produces a new book about him in France, while perhaps every three weeks gives us a fresh one in English. The following letters, however, which have never before been published, will, we think, thoroughly justify themselves. They were written from St. Helena by Thomas Henry Brooke, who was secretary to the Governor of St. Helena during the period covered by Major Wilkes, Sir Hudson Lowe, and his successor, Governor Walker. Mr. Herbert Spencer tells us in his Autobiography that his aunt, with whom he frequently stayed in his youth, was a granddaughter of a Governor of St. Helena, Mr. Brooke, but this is not quite accurate, Mr. Brooke never having been really Governor. On two occasions, however, he temporarily filled the post until the new man arrived. The obituary notice of him in the Plymouth Herald for June 23, 1849, perhaps summarizes his career sufficiently:

> At Plymouth, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, Thomas Henry Brooke, Esq., late of the H. E. I. C.'s Civil Service in the island of St. Helena, during a period of forty-four years, in the course of which the temporary government twice devolved on him, in the first instance having succeeded Sir Hudson Lowe. He was a zealous coadjutor of Governor Sir H. Lowe in establishing with concurrence of the inhabitants a measure for effecting the progressive abolition and final extinction of slavery in the island, and was afterward equally the supporter of Governor Walker in accelerating the fulfillment of that object. The public are indebted to Mr. Brooke for the only detailed account of St. Helena from its first discovery in 1501 to the year 1806, continued in a second edition to 1833.

There are several references to Mr. Brooke in O'Meara and other contemporary writers.

Extract from Mr. T. H. Brooke's first letter from St. Helena after the arrival of Napoleon Buonaparte, late Emperor of the French.

"OCTOBER 18th, 1815.

"WE HAVE not yet recovered from our amazement at the event of so extraordinary a visit as that from Napoleon Buonaparte. He arrived on Sunday, the 14th inst., and as soon as the ship anchored I went off to the admiral with a message from the governor, but did not then see the great man. Sir G. Cockburn came on shore immediately, and after a long private conference with Colonel Wilkes, the governor, they both went off together, when the latter was introduced to this wonderful man. Longwood is fixed on for his residence, but as he evinced something like despondency whilst confined on board ship in the roads, a house in town was prepared for him until the necessary preparations for his reception should be made at Longwood, and he landed yesterday evening at dusk.

"I believe so large a crowd was never witnessed at St. Helena before. He observed it from the ship, and expressed dissatisfaction. Sir G. Cockburn told me that he seemed to feel considerable distress on the occasion. A message, however, from the ship soon cleared the wharf and line of the crowd, but the square within the line gate was very much thronged, and as soon as Napoleon entered he was nearly surrounded. He wore a grey greatcoat, which he threw off as soon as he entered the house. The street was still crowded, every one anxious to catch a glance whilst he walked up and down the room. I had occasion to go to the admiral, whom I met at the door. After a few words he said, 'Come, will you see Buonaparte?' and immediately called to Bertrand, to whom I had been introduced that morning, and requested he would announce me as Secretary to Government and author of The History of St. Helena. I was accordingly ushered up to Buonaparte, who was standing, and introduced in regular form. His first words were '*Hah! L'auteur de l'Histoire de St. Helène.*' He then said he had read it on the passage. He asked me if I was born at St. Helena. I said, 'No, sir, I am a native of Ireland.' 'Hah! How long have you been here?' 'Three-and-twenty years.' 'Are you married?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I suppose you have married a creole?' 'I have married a native of the island descended from British parents.' 'Hah! Is the governor in town or at Plantation House?' Having answered this question, I observed that I trusted he would find the interior of the island more prepossessing in appearance than the first view of it might lead him to expect. After having made some other remarks he seemed not inclined to ask any more questions and looked very thoughtful, on which I made my bow, and in retiring he desired I would present his salutations to the governor. So ended my first visit to Napoleon. . . . Buonaparte's arrival here will occasion the loss of our inestimable governor, Colonel Wilkes, whom Ministers think it necessary to supersede by a King's officer. We, however, derive some consolation from the handsome manner in which this is to be effected. He is to have an equivalent for the loss of his government, and a ship is to be provided to take him home. The Court of Directors express deep regret at being deprived of his services, and Ministers themselves lament the necessity which makes it proper for them to resort to such a measure. Some have said that a popular governor is incompatible with the character of an honest man. At all events, we see an instance to the contrary in our present governor, who is adored by all ranks, unless perhaps by those few who have been made to suffer for misconduct."

Extract from Mr. T. H. Brooke's second letter.

"ST. HELENA, January 3rd, 1816.

"A FEW weeks ago I paid another visit to Buonaparte, who received me on the lawn in front of Balcombe's house. His first words were, 'Hah, monsieur, are you come from the town or the country? Where is your country house? How far from Longwood? Is it large? Have you a good garden? What is the value of your property?' In short, he questioned me so very particularly about my cabin and grounds that at last I told him I should be happy to have the honour of showing him my place whenever he felt disposed to look at it.

"Upon this he bowed and seemed much pleased. What amusement was to be derived from '*la chasse*' at St. Helena was the next subject of inquiry; he then asked me if I played at chess, if the governor played, whether I had ever played with him, and who beat. I answered sometimes one and sometimes the other; which produced an Hah-hah-hah, nodding his head as much as to say, 'Oh, that is very fair.' He then asked me a number of questions relative to the early history of the island, the settlements here, and of the French Protestants, whether they had any descendants now here—the amount of the present population, of the slaves, of the number of estates, the stock of cattle, the state of cultivation, &c. His dinner being announced, he said he would return after dining, provided it proved fine, but as it set in for rain, and he had a cold, I saw no more of him on that day.

"During our conversation one of the Miss Balcombes held a black puppy dog close up to him to admire, and on his saying with a smile that it was very pretty she offered it to him. He laughed, but declined the present. On another occasion one of them said, 'Emperor, won't you give us a ball after you become settled at Longwood?' He answered, 'No, but I will give you plenty of plum cake as often as you come to see me.' Upon his leaving the Briars he gave the family a general invitation to his house, and presented Balcombe with a very valuable snuff-box to testify how sensible he was of all his attention. Mrs. Pritchard called one evening at the Briars, and amongst other attentions she received from Buonaparte, he presented her with some Spanish liquorice, which he carries in a box in the form of pills. After she had swallowed some of them she recollected the accusation against Buonaparte of poisoning his sick in the hospital at Jaffa, which alarmed her so exceedingly that she took a hasty leave, and in the utmost horror at being poisoned went home with the view of applying for medical aid as quickly as possibly. The communication of her apprehensions, however, was received with such bursts of laughter that she was obliged to join in the mirth herself, and no longer insisted upon taking an emetic. Buonaparte went to his residence at Longwood on the 10th of December. He has been very solicitous with Sir George Cockburn to relax somewhat in the restrictions imposed on his person, particularly in regard to his being accompanied by an officer whenever he goes beyond the cordon of sentries; but on finding that the admiral, although he answered with the greatest good humour, was nevertheless very peremptory, Napoleon laughed and submitted with a good grace. One of his requests was that he might be styled *Emperor*. He seems to take an interest in the farming concerns at Longwood, and the other day amused himself by ploughing until he was tired. He has got the carriage which Governor Wilkes brought out with him, and lately has procured four horses for it from the Cape; they immediately drew it up to Longwood, where he was expecting it impatiently. He instantly got in and made the postillions drive him about the wood whilst he sat laughing in the greatest delight. I have seen the Countess Bertrand several times since my last letter to you was written. She is good-natured and unaffected, and I believe does not want feeling. She appears to be a favourite with Mrs. Skelton, who is certainly a clever woman. I had a good deal of chat with Countess Bertrand the other day at Plantation House, where I happened to sit by her at dinner. She expressed great fear that Blucher would seize upon her valuable services of plate and of Sèvres porcelain which she had left at Paris. When dressed, and in a ball-room, she may be called an elegant woman, and had she more flesh she would almost be beautiful."

Extract from a letter from an English Officer.

"ST. HELENA, February 7th, 1816.

"BUONAPARTE was taken by Sir George Cockburn the day of his arrival to visit Longwood. He rode as far as Miss Mason's, and on returning to town they went to the Briars, where he seated himself and expressed such an abhorrence at the idea of returning to James Town and so strong a desire to remain there that the admiral permitted his doing so. His baggage was therefore immediately sent for and he accordingly took up his abode at the house lately built on the top of the hill; this building being rather small, particularly as he was accompanied by the Comte de Las Cases and his son. In a few days a large tent was added in front, which made an excellent drawing-room.

"The Emperor continued to pass his time tolerably well. His breakfast hour was twelve, from four to six he walked in the garden, which was always kept private for him during these hours, from six to seven he frequently walked on the grass in the front of the house with the females of Balcombe's family; the two young ladies are particularly lively and speak French, which was a great source of amusement to him. He dined at seven, and afterwards he was frequently with Balcombe's family at cards when they had not much company. Between breakfast-time and four o'clock he was employed in writing his life, in which he was assisted by all about him, particularly Las Cases, who is very clever. He was very anxious to get the Annual Register as far back as 1792. I happened to have it, and sent it; it proved to be most acceptable. Las Cases is an excellent English scholar. This circumstance produced an introduction to Buonaparte, and he expressed a desire to see me; he had before admired my little cottage and garden in looking down upon them. I, of course, accepted Balcombe's invitation to dinner, and in the evening had the honour of being introduced, and also of being opposed to him at a game of whist. He plays ill, and I beat him. During the evening he asked a great number of questions, looked at my height with astonishment, told me he had seen me walking about my garden with my wife and children, and that he admired the garden, but wondered that it was not swept away by the torrents in rainy weather. I told him I should feel honoured by his visiting me, &c. It appears astonishing that so great a man should be so much occupied by trifles; like some other Frenchmen he is amused with toys and nonsense. While we were at cards he encouraged me to look at and admire his snuff-box; he also made me take a pinch of his snuff, which was abominably bad. He used the coin napoleon for markers, and was pleased when Las Cases put one into my hand to look at. He sat in an attitude for me to compare his face with the one on the coin, and gave me a smile and a nod of approbation when I said it was very like him. During the time he passed at the Briars each day pretty nearly resembled another. He never went from the place, as he found he must go attended by an English officer, who always remained at the house during his stay there. One evening he took a walk to the end of the wall at the side path road, and seeing that I was at home with my family and no others he ventured down with Las Cases. I, of course, went out to meet him; he came into the house, looked about, and seemed very well pleased with it and the garden, which he walked over, paid Mrs. Hudson a great many fine compliments, and took a great deal of notice of the children. He was particularly struck with the youngest boy (who, by the bye, is handsome), and said he was a fine boy, and he knew was the most wicked of them all, although at that moment he looked perfectly the reverse. He happened, however, to be quite right. After staying a good while with us I mounted them both on horseback, and they returned to the Briars in the dark. He gave the servants who attended him home some napoleons. The admiral has been astonishingly expeditious in fitting up Longwood for his reception, and on the tenth of December he quitted the Briars for that place.

"He has been furnished with horses from the Cape and a carriage purchased from Colonel Wilkes. He rides out on horseback generally every day. His usual ride is about Longwood, and into Fisher's and Beal's valleys, then he proceeds towards Miss Mason's orchard, and returns by way of the Hutts's. The Countess Bertrand told me yesterday that he had named that the 'Valley of Silence,' as he seldom met anybody there. He rides exceedingly hard and is regardless of any road; when he wants to get to the top of a hill he goes directly up, takes hold of the horse's mane, puts his spurs to its sides, and ascends at a gallop, to the great annoyance of all his followers. He will soon require a new set of horses. In his rides he is fond of talking to the slaves, occasionally gives them gold, and has, in fact, already got into all their good graces. He deplores the condition of slavery, and encourages those who have any pretensions to claim their freedom; consequently examinations to that effect are daily taking place at the police office.

"Buonaparte one day rode with the admiral to Arno's Vale round Rock Rose Hill into Sandy Bay and called at Mr. Doveton's, with whose place he was delighted. He returned by the Plantation House gate and home by Brooke's. He has never visited at the P. H. A few days afterwards he rode out with an English officer who has charge of him, but he soon rode away from him, and galloped off as fast as he could to Rock Rose Hill. The officer had entirely lost sight of him and took another direction; when he got to Rock Rose he was met by Mrs. Seale, Mr. S. being from home. He without waiting a moment went to the rear of the house and towards Powell's Valley, where he remained a considerable time with Bertrand; it so happened that no guard was at *that* time stationed there. After his curiosity was satisfied he returned to the house (nobody knows how far he went), ate some cake and drank wine with Mrs. Seale, and returned home late in the evening, since which he has not ridden accompanied by the English officer. In fact, when he was told that he could not go without one he said that he would 'rather die than take exercise so accompanied.' He is permitted to ride unaccompanied within the cordon of sentries, which makes a ride sufficiently extensive for all the purposes of exercise.

"This great man has not been seen by many people; Mr. Doveton called upon him a few days after he visited him at Sandy Bay. The governor has called twice, but he has not yet returned his visit.

"He has given very few invitations to Longwood; they have consisted of only three or four to a few of the senior officers of the 53rd. The admiral has only dined with him once by invitation, and the same day he invited Maria and myself; you may be sure I gladly accepted, but I had a great difficulty in prevailing on her to accompany me, but she did.

"We were received in due form; he still carries on court nonsense, and if one did not know how matters really are one might still imagine him an emperor in his own dominions when presented to him. Maria had the honour of being seated on his right hand, and he was much more civil and attentive than I thought he could be, for he is by no means a courtier in his manners. To the French he is overbearing. You would suppose that their very existence depended on his smiles. If he deigns to look graciously on any of them they are transported with delight, and when he looks frowningly (which is much the most frequent expression of his countenance) it sinks them to the earth. They always walk in his company with their hats off. While at dinner they are afraid to speak above a whisper and their conversation, if you can call it such, is confined to answering questions asked by him.

"The day we were there I sat next the Countess Bertrand, and was therefore pleasantly situated. She talked aloud to the admiral (who sat on her other side) and myself, and the great man seemed unusually good-humoured and condescending; indeed, all were permitted to use their tongues to some degree. Las Cases sat on my other side; he is a great favourite and takes the liberty of speaking more than any of the others. As he as well as Madame Bertrand both speak English I felt quite at home. He paid much attention to Maria and helped her to all the delicacies at table, of which there were a great many. The cookery was uncommonly good, and the confectionery surpasses anything of the kind I have ever seen. Every article made use of at dinner is either of gold or silver; nearly as much of the former as the latter. His dessert, tea, and coffee sets of porcelain are the most elegant things I ever saw—each piece of china is adorned with landscapes taken in Egypt, and in every saucer the head and shoulders of some famed Turk. These paintings were executed by some of the most eminent artists in Europe assembled for the purpose, and he assured me that each piece cost £25. The only part of the dinner I disliked was the custom of rising before the cloth was removed. After dinner it is usual to play at cards until the Emperor feels disposed to retire, which he does by making his bow and marching off, leaving his company to depart as they please. His servants were all dressed in a superbly-embroidered livery; in fact, you might take them for so many general officers standing behind the chairs. The embroidery resembles that on the general's coats only that it is silver. He has, in addition to his own servants, persuaded the admiral to give him six English sailors for servants. These fellows he has dressed up as fine as possible with green coats and all the gold lace that could be got on the island. The man is really as fond of such toys as a child, and I think it may be very easy to satisfy him and his people here by sending them some fine things now and then, such as a new coach occasionally, and as the French are all miserable without cocked hats, a supply of these very necessary articles ought to be sent sometimes. Captain Tiontikaioski, a Pole, arrived from England a few days ago, having devoted himself to Buonaparte. He happened to have a very fine cocked hat, which General Montholon took a fancy to, and insisted on taking it from him. While the Emperor was walking in his garden a few days ago the poor captain went up to him and complained of the general's conduct, stating that the hat was a remarkably elegant one, that it had been made in England on purpose for him in the French fashion, and was presented to him by an English nobleman. The Emperor called General M. immediately into his presence and said, 'Sir, what made you take Captain Tiontikaioski's hat?' 'Sire, because mine is worn out and I wanted it.' The Emperor decreed that the Pole should have his hat again, which was immediately delivered up to its rightful owner. This poor man after following Buonaparte here is not admitted to his table entirely owing to the jealousy of the others. I believe it arose merely from Buonaparte's having walked with him for three hours the first day of his arrival at St. Helena. Montholon forbid him the table on the plea that none but general officers were to be admitted. They have contrived to persuade him that Captain T. came out as an English spy. Buonaparte's physician informed him to-day of the execution of Murat; he received the information without the least change of countenance, and calmly said, 'He was a great fool.'"

Copy of Mr. T. H. Brooke's third letter.

"ST. HELENA, May 12th, 1821.

"BEFORE this letter can reach you you will have heard that Buonaparte died on the evening of the fifth inst. This event has produced no small sensation here. For some weeks past it was known that he was indisposed, but on the morning of the second I was thunderstruck on being abruptly told by Sir Hudson Lowe that Buonaparte was dying. On the night of the fourth I received a notification from the governor that dissolution had taken place, and that my attendance was desired at Longwood the following morning at six o'clock precisely to view the body. I was overtaken on the road about daybreak by the governor and his staff, and in a short time we were joined by the Marquis Moncherin, Admiral Lambert, General Coffin, Mr. Greentree, some of the captains of the navy, the commanding officer of artillery, and the head of the commissariat department; six medical gentlemen were also in attendance. Our whole party, consisting of about twenty persons, were ushered into the room where the body was laid. The only alteration I could observe in the face since I had seen it in life was that it was not quite so full, but a finer face I never saw. The expression was calm and placid, and a crucifix was deposited on the breast, and in an adjoining room was an altar with decorations and his priest; upon a table near the foot of the bed stood a picture of young Napoleon and on another table a bust. The bedstead was the same one he had used in his campaigns. After remaining long enough to be perfectly satisfied as to the identity of the corpse we withdrew. In the afternoon of the same day it was publicly announced that the body might be seen by any respectable persons between the hours of four and six, and amongst the crowds who were eager to avail themselves of the sight were Mrs. Brooke, Agnes, Captain Power, and myself a second time. Some new arrangements had taken place since the morning. The body had been removed to another chamber hung and floored with black cloth. At the head of the room stood the altar highly decorated. Over the body was suspended a glass chandelier, and the priest stood on one side near the head, and on the other side was Count Bertrand.

"Madame Bertrand and her daughter stood next the priest, and Count Montholon was at the foot of the corpse, which was dressed in the full uniform of the French National Guards, the hat, boots, and spurs on, and the sword lying by the left side. The crucifix was still on the breast, the hands were exposed to view, and so uncommonly beautiful as to be the subject of general remark, and sometimes even of exclamation. The face had sunk since I had seen it in the morning, but still retained its placid expression, and had acquired somewhat the appearance of a smile. We bowed respectfully to the French party as we approached the corpse, and the salutation was returned in a solemn but very affable manner, and our exit was made through a different door to make way for the crowd that was pressing in. During the day the body had been opened and the intestines taken out. After six that evening such of the soldiers as desired were permitted to see it, and during several hours the following day all restrictions were removed from those who had any curiosity, and I understand that the French people were rather gratified at the numbers who crowded for the purpose. His death, I understand, was caused by ulcers of a cancerous nature in his stomach. He said his father had died of the same disorder.

"He was aware of his situation, and appeared quite sensible although speechless the morning he died. He lay quietly on his back; at one time his hands were observed tremulously

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THE WAY OF A MAID WITH A MAN—By Lilian Bell

IF YOU knew our best man you probably would not be surprised to make the discovery that I made—to wit: that two girls were in love with him at the same time.

I will admit, however, that I was surprised—just a little—at first, but after I thought about it I said to Adrian:

"Well, why not?" He said: "'Why not' what?"

"Why shouldn't two girls be in love with him?"

"They should," said Adrian pleasantly. "There is no doubt in the world that they should. But who are the girls and who is the man?"

I thought, of course, that he knew what I was talking about, or I shouldn't have begun in the middle like that; but after all, if you do begin in the middle you can often skip the whole beginning and hurry along to the end.

"Why, Artie Beg, to be sure! Who else? And as to the girls—well, as I discovered it for myself, I shall not be betraying their confidence to say that the girls are—will you promise not to tell nor to interfere in any way?"

"Of course," said Adrian.

"Well, the girls are Flora Forsyth and Cary Farquhar."

"Flora Forsyth!" exclaimed Adrian with a wry face.

"Now, Adrian, what have you against that poor girl? To me she is one of the most fascinating creatures I ever saw. If I were a man I should be crazy about her."

"Then if you had been Samson, Delilah would have made a fool of you just as easily as she did of him."

"But Flora is no Delilah, Adrian."

"She's worse!" said my husband shortly.

Adrian leaned back in his morris chair and puffed at his pipe. Presently he spoke.

"These two girls are both clever—as clever as they make 'em—but Cary's cleverness is full of ozone, while Flora's is permeated with a narcotic. Cary's tricks make one laugh, but the other girl's give one the shivers."

"Oh, is it as bad as that?" I said in affright. "Don't you like her?"

"Like her!" repeated Adrian slowly. "I hate her."

I gasped. Never, never had my husband expressed even a settled dislike of any one before, while as to the word "hate"——

"Oh, Adrian!" I cried tearfully. "I wish you had mentioned it before. The fact is, I've—well, I've invited her to visit me, and she says she'll come."

If I expected an explosion I was mistaken. Adrian bit into his pipe stem and sat looking at me for a moment without speaking, a kind, wistful look that completely undid me and made me resolve never, never again to do a single thing without consulting him first. Then he leaned forward and slowly began to empty and clean his pipe.

"You like her very much?" he said tentatively.

"I do indeed!" I exclaimed enthusiastically. "You don't do her justice. Indeed you don't. Why, she is the dearest, most confiding, innocent little thing, just out of college last month—a baby couldn't have more clinging, diffident ways."

"I'm glad she is coming to visit you, if that's the way you feel about her," he said.

I drew a sigh of relief. Some husbands would have made such a fuss that their wives would have felt obliged to cancel the invitation. Adrian was different.

"How did you come to invite her?" he said presently.

I smiled in pleased anticipation of a good long talk with my husband in which I could explain everything.

"Why, you know at the wedding I saw that Artie was very much taken with her, and——"

"First, tell me how she came to sit with the family, inside the white ribbon."

"Why, she wrote and asked if she couldn't. She said she loved me so she felt as if she were losing a sister, and that she wanted to sit with mother and mourn with the family."

Adrian grinned, and I felt foolish.

"And you believed her, you silly little cat!"

"It does sound idiotic to repeat it, but it read as if she meant it," I said, blushing.

"Never mind, dear," said Adrian. "You are all right."

Now, when my husband says I am all right it means that I am all wrong, but that he loves me in spite of it.

"Well, and so she and he were together all the evening, and afterward they corresponded. But Cary, being my bridesmaid, had, of course, the first claim on Artie's attention, but he was so taken with Flora that he sort of neglected Cary. Then Cary, being so spoiled by being rich and

AT FIRST OUR GUEST'S SHYNESS AND MODESTY LEFT NOTHING TO BE DESIRED

courted and flattered, was piqued into trying to make him notice her, which old stupid Artie refused to do, but tagged around after Flora as if she had hypnotized him. Then Cary must have been quite roused, for the first thing I knew she was showing unmistakable signs of its being the real thing with her, though of course she would deny it with oaths if I taxed her, while Flora——"

I stopped in sudden confusion.

"I forgot," I faltered. "I said that neither had confided in me, but——"

Adrian grinned.

"But Flora has," he supplemented. "She has confessed her love, not blushingly, but tumultuously, brazenly, tempestuously, and has begged you to help her!"

I paused aghast. Adrian had exactly stated the case.

"Well, she told Cary, too," I said in self-extenuation, "so she can't care very much that I've told you."

"Oh, no," said Adrian cheerfully. "She'll tell me herself the first chance she gets."

"She told Cary that she had told me, so we felt at liberty to talk it over," I added.

"She did?"

"And Cary was perfectly disgusted with her, and asked what I was going to do. I said I didn't know. Then what

I FOUND, NOT ARTIE, BUT THE ALSO RAN, WITH FLORA FRANKLY IN HIS ARMS

do you think she did? Cary asked me to ask Flora to visit me! What do you think of that for a bluff?"

"When does she come?" he asked.

"Next week."

Adrian pulled at his pipe.

"There will be something doing here next week, I'm thinking."

There *was* something doing.

First, I told old Mary that I was going to have company. One does not ordinarily ask permission of one's cook, but Mary was such a mother to me that I felt the announcement to be no more than her due.

"Who is it, missus, dear?"

"Miss Flora Forsyth. Have you ever heard me speak of her?"

"Do you mean that dratted blonde on the mantelpiece?" she asked in the conversational tone of one who but passed the time o' day.

"Mary!" I said.

She walked up to Flora's picture, took it down, looked at it, and put it back.

"Well," I said tentatively. "What do you think of her?"

"What do I think of her?" demanded Mary, wheeling on me so suddenly that I dodged. "I think she's a little blister—that's what I think of her. And you'll rue the day you ever asked her into your house."

Ordinarily one would reprove one's cook for such freedom of speech, but I had not only brought it on myself, but if I had dropped into her own vernacular and enforced my reproof by cursing her by the beard of Abraham, Mary would not have turned a hair. Wherefore I saved my breath, put on my hat and went out, ruminating and somewhat shaken in my mind to have the two household authorities against me.

However, true to my determination to make Flora's visit as attractive as possible, I purchased at least a dozen sorts of fine marmalades, jellies, sweets and fancy pickles, such as schoolgirls love. She had told me so many times how she had always wanted her breakfast served in her room, but had never been able to have it, that I decided to give her that privilege in my house. I told Mary with some misgivings and showed her the things I had bought. To my surprise Mary assented joyfully. I never knew why until after Flora left, and then Mary told me. Flora's room was fresh for her. No one had ever slept on that bed nor fluttered those curtains nor written at that desk. Flora would be its first occupant.

And how her pale, blond beauty matched its blue and gold loveliness! It gave me thrills of delight to think of her in the midst of it all.

But, of course, it was Cary I loved. Flora simply fascinated me. She possessed the attraction of a Circe, but Cary was worth a million of her and I knew it, and I wanted her to have Arthur Beguelin, or anybody else on earth she fancied. The whole proposition was as plain as day when I came to think about it. I was Cary's champion, Cary's friend, and intended Cary to win. Why, therefore, had I permitted myself to be inveigled into asking Flora to visit me, under the supposition that I was going to help her? It was not because Cary had urged me to. Not at all. It was Flora herself who had managed it, I reflected, and it gave me a little uncomfortable twinge to realize that whatever Flora had wanted me to do in our brief friendship I had done, no matter whose judgment it went against.

Had the girl hypnotic power, or was I a weak fool to be flattered into doing her bidding?

I don't like to think of myself as being a weak fool, even for the sake of argument.

Flora always acted as if she knew of my repressed childhood and of how, all my life, I had thirsted for praise. No matter if it had been put on with a trowel, as hers undoubtedly was, I should have lapped myself in its tropical warmth and luxuriance and never stopped to quarrel with its effulgence; whereas dear old Cary let her actions speak, and seldom put her affection for me into words. But she had been on the eve of sailing for a winter in Egypt when my hurried wedding preparations and frantic telegram arrested her. The party sailed without her, and she did not try to follow. And that was only one of the sacrifices she had made for me, and made without a word, too.

She was a girl of thought and of ideas, but, unfortunately, she was a great heiress, and fortune hunters had made her suspicious and cynical.

Only Adrian and I knew how glorious she could be when she let herself out and expressed her real self.

When Flora came Mary put on her spectacles before she opened the door, and I noticed the look she gave all three of us. It did not speak well for Flora.

But at first our guest's shyness and modesty left nothing to be desired. Her clothes were simple even to plainness, her voice soft and deprecating, and her manner deferential in the extreme. She was always asking advice, and when that advice was given she always followed it. Flattery could go no further.

Artie Beg came to see her morning, noon and night. I was horrified to discover how far things seemed to have progressed, for, after all, it was Cary who must have Artie if she wanted him.

Cary called on Flora once, and we returned it, but after that she never came again. So I resolved on a dinner for just six, and Cary promised to come. The others were Artie and a man so insignificant, so not worth describing, that Adrian and I called him the Also Ran.

I worked hard over that dinner. Flora offered to help, but Mary, without absolutely refusing her assistance, managed to do without it, and I did not realize until afterward how quickly Flora accepted her fate and curled herself up luxuriously on Adrian's couch in Adrian's particular corner to read while I blanched the almonds that she had offered to do.

Flora kept me well informed of the progress of Artie's passion for her, and I could do nothing. I was surprised at her confiding such details to any one, dismayed for Cary's sake, and worried as to how it would all turn out.

Finally the evening of the dinner came. I dressed and ran out to the kitchen to see if everything was all right, for Mary was so jealous she refused to let me engage an assistant, but doggedly persisted in preparing and serving the dinner entirely herself.

Flora heard Mary let Artie Beg in, and ran down the corridor to meet him. She was a vision in white—her graduating dress—with her snowy shoulders rising modestly from a tulle bertha. I paused, in order to let her greet him first, and to my consternation, before I could make known my presence, heard her say plaintively:

"Aren't you going to kiss me?"

Then with a stifled groan Artie flung his arm around her, pressing her to him as if he would never let her go. Then he pushed her away from him almost roughly, and Flora laughed a low, tantalizing laugh and crept back to him to lean her head on his shoulder and lay her arms around his neck.

I turned and fled. I fairly stampeded down the hall, running full tilt against Adrian and nearly folding him up.

"Oh! Oh!" I gasped, dancing up and down before him excitedly.

He seized both my hands.

"Hold still, Emily! What's the matter? Tell me!"

"They're engaged!" I wailed. "I'm too late! Cary has lost him."

"Who? Artie and Flora?"

"Yes, of course."

"What makes you think so?"

"He's kissing her, and she asked him to just as if she had a right. I wouldn't think so much of it if he had just grabbed her and kissed her without a word, for she looks too bewitching, and any man might lose his head, but for her to ask for it—oh, what shall I do?"

"Hold on! You say she asked him to—tell me just how." I told him.

Adrian put both hands into his pockets and whistled.

"Don't worry," he said. "They're not engaged."

I felt relieved at once, for my husband does not write books from guesswork. He knows things.

But I was greatly confused at going back. Of course, they did not know that I had seen and heard, and equally of course I could not tell them. But I had my confusion all to myself. Artie seemed about as usual (which he wouldn't have done had he known that there was powder on his coat), and Flora was as cool as an iceberg.

It seems to me as I look back that that was the first time I suspected anything. It was almost uncanny to see her sitting there looking so shy and demure when ten minutes before she had asked a man to kiss her and laughed that cool, tantalizing laugh, as of one who knew her power and reveled in the sight of her victim's struggles to escape.

I turned to Cary, my well-bred girl, my friend, with a feeling of relief as if I had found a refuge. Cary flushed a little as she greeted Artie, and Flora's lip curled perceptibly.

I glanced at Adrian and saw that he, too, had noticed it. But, then, Adrian sees everything. That is why he writes as he does. His manner as he greeted Cary was so cordial that it caused Artie to look up, and then and there, to my surprise, Artie got up and came and stood by Cary and took her fan.

I wish you could have seen Flora's blue eyes turn green. Then, to avoid further pleasantries, as I saw Mary standing in the door, I marshaled them all out to the table.

Flora was between Adrian and Artie, but I put Cary on the other side of Artie. Flora, who pretended jealousy of my husband in order to veil her instinctive dislike of one who read her through and through, frankly turned her back on him and turned all her wiles on Artie.

Then something spurred Flora to do a foolish thing. She deliberately began to bait Cary—to say things to annoy her—to try to mortify her. At first Cary refused to see what was palpable to the rest of us (oh, my dinner party was proving such a success!)

I MARSHALED THEM ALL OUT TO THE TABLE

They were talking about love when I began listening again, and Cary made some remark inaudible to me, which gave Flora the opportunity to say:

"Is it true, then, what I have heard? Were you ever disappointed in love?"

"Always!" said Cary evenly.

Flora flushed angrily, because Artie laughed and looked appreciatively at Cary as if really seeing her for the first time.

The next thing I heard the conversation had become personal, and Flora was saying:

"Love is an acquisition. The more you have the more you want."

"Pardon me," said Cary. "To my mind love is a sacrifice. Yet the more you give the more you gain."

"But I don't want to believe that!" pouted Flora charmingly. "That is a cruel, ascetic conception of love. It makes me shiver like reading the New Testament."

For the first time Artie spoke.

"You prefer, then, the Song of Solomon?" And Adrian brought his hand down on the table a little heavily and looked at me.

"Yes, I do!" laughed Flora, thinking she had scored. "And I know because I have loved!"

"You have loved, have you?" said Cary, leaning forward to look at her across Artie's tucked shirt front. "Then if you have, truly and deeply as a woman can, when she meets the man who is her mate, can you jest so idly about love's being an acquisition? Are you thinking of his income and what he can give you more than your father has been able to do? Does your idea of marriage consist of dinner parties and routs? Or do you think of the man himself—of his noble qualities of heart and mind? Does not the idea of permanent prosperity sometimes fade and in its place do you not sometimes see the man you love, poor, neglected by his friends and jeered by his enemies? Does he not sometimes appear to you stretched on a weary bed of sickness? Can you picture yourself his only friend, his only helper, his only comforter? If he were crippled for life would you go out to try to earn bread for two, rejoicing that Fate had only taken his strength to toil and not his strength to love? Would you still count yourself a blessed woman if you knew that everything were swept away but the love of a man worth loving like that?"

Flora quailed and drew back, abashed and a little frightened, and I heard Artie whisper to Cary:

"Tell me, have you ever loved like that?"

And Cary's murmured reply:

"Not yet, but—I could."

After that Flora's fascinations seemed to wane, and as for Artie, he never left Cary's side. He had been the first to follow us to the drawing-room, for as I always let men smoke at the table, we always leave it *en masse*.

He said little, but he listened to every word Cary spoke, and he watched her as if fascinated.

I was jubilant, and my sober old Adrian almost permitted himself to look pleased, but not quite. Adrian is never reckless with his emotions.

Every one was leaving, and Artie was taking Cary home. I looked to see how Flora took it, but her appealing blue eyes were fixed in their most appealing way upon the Also Ran, who was plainly undergoing thrills of exquisite torture.

After that curious evening there seemed to be a tremendous emotional upheaval. Artie hardly came near Flora, and when he did call he appeared to derive much satisfaction from gazing at her with a quizzical look in his eyes that seemed to annoy her excessively. The Also Ran became omnipresent and was instant in season, out of season; but instead of arousing Artie's jealousy, this seemed only to amuse him.

Finally the cause of Artie's visit developed. He blurted it out to me one day with the red face of a shamed schoolboy.

"Emily, I wish you'd do me the favor to ask Cary Farquhar here some evening and let me know! I've been going there until I'm ashamed to face the butler, but I never can see her alone, and the last two times she has sent me down her excuses and would not see me at all."

I could have squealed for joy, but, mindful of Cary's dignity, I said: "I don't believe she'd come. I'm afraid——"

"Afraid she'd suspect that I should be here, too? I don't believe I've made it as plain as that!" he interrupted.

"Do you mean to say that you really and truly——?"

"I mean just that," he said with a new earnestness in his manner that I never had noted before.

"Oh, Artie!" I cried. "I'm so glad! But what if she——?"

"Don't say it! It makes me cold all over to think of it. That's why I want you to ask her here. I've got to see her. Why, Emily, she's—really, Emily, she's the *only* girl in the world, now, isn't she?"

"So I've thought for years!" I cried warmly.

"Talk about love being instantaneous," said Artie, plunging his hands into his pockets and striding up and down. "I've loved her, and loved her *hard*, ever since she explained what love meant to her that night at your dinner. Why, if I could get her to love me that way I'd be richer than John D.! But shucks! She never will! What am I, I'd like to know, to expect such a miracle?"

"You're very nice!" I stuttered in my haste," and just the man for her, both Adrian and I think; but I'll tell you where the trouble is. She thinks you belong to Flora."

"Never!" cried Artie vehemently. "I never thought of marrying Flora. She—well, she sort of appealed to me—you know how? She wanted me to help her to understand golf.

(Concluded on Page 20)

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

By James Branch Cabell

"MY HEART HAS BEEN FLUTTERING, FLUTTERING LIKE A LITTLE BIRD, BILLY, EVER SINCE I HEARD IT"

"ER—AH—OH, YES! VERY KIND OF YOU, I'M SURE!" SAID MR. WOODS

law to cover just such cases—penalties of whose nature he was entirely ignorant and didn't care to think. Heavens! for all he knew that angel might have let herself in for a jail sentence.

Billy pictured that queen among women! that paragon! with her glorious hair cropped and her pink-tipped little hands set to beating hemp—he had a shadowy notion that the lives of all female convicts were devoted to this pursuit—and groaned in horror.

"In the name of Heaven!" Mr. Woods demanded of his soul; "what *possible* reason could she have had for this new insanity? And in the name of Heaven, why couldn't she have put off her *tête-à-tête* with Kennaston long enough to explain? And in the name of Heaven, what does she see to admire in that putty-faced, grimacing ass, anyway! And in the name of Heaven, what am I to say to this poor old man here? I can't explain that his daughter isn't in any danger of being poor but merely of being locked up in jail! And in the name of Heaven, how long does that outrageous angel expect me to remain in this state of suspense!"

Billy groaned again, and paced the vestibule. Then he retraced his steps, shook hands with Colonel Hugonin once more, and, Kennaston or no Kennaston, set out to find her.

XVIII

BUT when he came out upon the terrace Sarah Ellen Haggage stopped him—stopped him with a queer blending of diffidence and resolve in her manner.

The others, by this, had disappeared in various directions, puzzled and exceedingly uncertain what to do. Indeed, to congratulate Billy in the Colonel's presence would have been tactless; and, on the other hand, to condole with the Colonel without seeming to affront the wealthy Mr. Woods was almost impossible. So they temporized and fled—all save Mrs. Haggage.

She, alone, remained to view Mr. Woods with newly-opened eyes; for as he paused impatiently, the sculptured Eagle above his head, she perceived that he was a remarkably handsome and intelligent young man. Her motherly heart opened toward this lonely, wealthy orphan.

"My dear Billy," she cooed with asthmatic gentleness, "as an old, old friend of your mother's, aren't you going to let me tell you how rejoiced Adèle and I are over your good fortune? It isn't polite, you naughty boy, for you to run away from your friends as soon as they've heard this wonderful news. Ah, such news it was, such a manifest intervention of Providence! My heart has been fluttering, fluttering like a little bird, Billy, ever since I heard it."

In testimony to this fact Mrs. Haggage clasped a stodgy hand to an exceedingly capacious bosom and exhibited the whites of her eyes freely. Her smile, however, remained unchanged and ample.

"Er—ah—oh, yes! Very kind of you, I'm sure!" said Mr. Woods.

"I never in my life saw Adèle so deeply affected by *anything*," Mrs. Haggage continued with a certain large archness. "The sweet child was always so fond of you, you know, Billy. Ah, I remember distinctly hearing her speak of you many and many a time when you were in that dear, delightful, wicked Paris, and wonder when you would come back to your friends—not very grand and influential friends, Billy, but sincere, I trust, for all that."

Mr. Woods said he had no doubt of it.

"So many people," she informed him confidentially, "will pursue you with adulation now that you are wealthy. Oh, yes, you will find that wealth makes a great difference, Billy. But not with Adèle and me—no, my dear boy, despise us if you will, but my child and I are not mercenary. Money makes no difference with us; we shall be the same to you that we always were—sincerely interested in your true welfare, overjoyed at your present good fortune, prayerful as to your brilliant future, and delighted to have you drop in any evening to dinner. We do not consider money the chief blessing of life. No, don't tell me that most people are different, Billy, for I know it very well, and many is the tear that thought has cost me. We live in a very mercenary world, my dear boy; but *our* thoughts, at least, are set on higher things, and I trust we can afford to despise the mere temporal blessings of life, and I entreat you to remember that our humble dwelling is always open to the son of my old, old friend, and that there is always a jug of good whisky in the cupboard."

Thus in the shadow of the Eagle babbled the woman whom—for all her absurdities—Margaret had loved as a mother.

Billy thanked her with an angry heart.

"And this"—I give you the gist of his meditations—"this is Peggy's dearest friend! Oh, Philanthropy, are thy protestations, then, all void and empty, and are thy noblest sentiments—every one of 'em—so full of sound and rhetoric, so specious, so delectable—are these, then, but dicers' oaths?"

Aloud, "I'm rather surprised, you know," he said slowly, "that you take it just this way, Mrs. Haggage. I should have thought you'd have been sorry on—on Miss Hugonin's account. It's awfully jolly of you, of course—oh, awfully jolly, and I appreciate it at its true worth, I assure you. But it's a bit awkward, isn't it, that the poor girl will be penniless? I really don't know whom she'll turn to now."

Then Billy, the diplomatist, received a surprise.

"She'll come with me, of course," said Mrs. Haggage.

Mr. Woods made a—fortunately—inaudible observation.

"I beg your pardon?" she queried. Then, obtaining no response, she continued with perfect simplicity: "Margaret's quite like a daughter to me, you know. Of course, she and the Colonel will come with us, at least until affairs are a bit more settled. Even afterward—well, we have a large house, and I don't see that they'd be any better off anywhere else."

Billy's emotions were complex.

"You big-hearted old parasite," his own heart was singing, "if you could only keep that ring of truth that's in your voice for your platform utterances—why, in less than no time you could afford to feed your Afro-Americans on nightingales' tongues, and clothe every working-girl in the land in cloth of gold! You've been pilfering from Peggy for years—pilfering right and left with both hands! But you've loved her all the time, God bless you; and now the moment she's in trouble you're ready to take both her and the Colonel—whom, by the way, you must very cordially detest—and share your pitiful, pilfered little crusts with 'em and—having two more mouths to feed—probably pilfer a little more outrageously in the future! You're a sanctimonious old hypocrite, you are, and a pious fraud, and a delusion and a snare, and you and Adèle have nefarious designs on me at this very moment, but I think I'd like to kiss you!"

Indeed, I believe Mr. Woods came very near doing so. She loved Peggy, you see; and he loved every one who loved her.

But he compromised by shaking hands energetically for a matter of five minutes, and entreating to be allowed to subscribe to some of her deserving charitable enterprises—any one she might mention—and so left the old lady a little bewildered but very much pleased.

She decided that for the future Adèle must not see so much of Mr. Van Orden. She began to fear that gentleman's views of life were not sufficiently serious.

XIX

BILLY went into the gardens in pursuit of Margaret. He was almost happy now and felt vaguely ashamed of himself. Then he came upon Kathleen Saumarez, who, indeed, was waiting for him there; and his heart went down into his boots.

He realized on a sudden that he was one of the richest men in America. It was a staggering thought. Also, Mr. Woods' views at this moment as to the advantages of wealth might have been interesting.

Kathleen stood silent for an instant, eyes downcast, face flushed. She was trembling.

Then, "Billy," she asked, almost inaudibly, "do—do you still want—your answer?"

The birds sang about them. Spring triumphed in the gardens. She looked very womanly and very pretty.

To all appearances, it might easily have been a lover and his lass met in the springtide, shamefaced after last night's kissing. But Billy, somehow, lacked much of the elation and the perfect content and the disposition to burst into melody that is currently supposed to seize upon rustic swains at such

XVII

"BY GAD!" said Colonel Hugonin very grimly, "anybody would think you'd just lost a fortune instead of inheriting one. Wish you joy of it, Billy. I ain't saying, you know, we sha'n't miss it, my daughter and I—no, begad, for it's a nice pot of money, and we'll miss it damnably. But since somebody had to have it, I'd much rather it was you, my boy, than a set of infernal, hypocritical, philanthropic sharks, and I'm glad Frederick has done the square thing by you—yes, begad!"

The old gentleman was standing beside Mr. Woods in the vestibule of Selwoode, some distance from the other members of the house-party, and was speaking in confidence. He was sincere. I don't say that the thought of facing the world at sixty-five with practically no resources save his half-pay—I think I have told you that the Colonel's diversions had drunk up his wife's fortune and his own like a glass of water—I don't say that this thought moved him to hilarity. Over it, indeed, he pulled a frankly grave face. But he cared a deal for Billy; and even now there was balm—soothing, priceless balm—to be had of the reflection that this change in his prospects affected materially the prospects of those cultured, broad-minded, philanthropic persons who had aforetime set his daughter to requiring of him a perusal of Herbert Spencer.

Billy was pretty well aware how monetary matters stood with the old wastrel; and the sincerity of the man affected him far more than the most disinterested sentiments would have done. Mr. Woods accordingly shook hands with entirely unnecessary violence.

"You're a trump, that's what you are!" he declared; "oh, yes, you are, Colonel! You're an incorrigible, incurable old ace of trumps—the very best there is in the pack—and it's entirely useless for you to attempt to conceal it."

"Gad——!" said the Colonel.

"And don't you worry about that will," Mr. Woods advised. "I—I can't explain things just now, but it's all right. You just wait—just wait till I've seen Peggy," Billy urged in desperation, "and I'll explain everything."

"By gad——!" said the Colonel. But Mr. Woods was half-way out of the vestibule.

Mr. Woods was in an unenviable state of perturbation.

He could not quite believe that Peggy had destroyed the will; the thing out-Heroded Herod, out-Margareted Margaret. But if she had it struck him as a high-handed proceeding, entailing certain vague penalties made and provided by the

moments. He merely wanted to know if at any time in the remote future his heart would be likely to resume the discharge of its proper functions. It was standing still now.

However, "Can you ask—dear?" His words, at least, lied gallantly.

The poor woman looked up into Billy's face. After years of battling with the world, here for the asking was peace and luxury and wealth incalculable and—as Kathleen thought—a love that had endured since they were boy and girl together. Yet she shrank from him a little and clinched her hands before she spoke.

"Yes," Kathleen faltered; and afterward she shuddered. And here, if for the moment I may prefigure the Eagle as a sentient being, I can imagine his chuckle.

"Please God," thought poor Billy, "I will make her happy. Yes, please God, I can, at least, do that, since she cares for me."

Then he kissed her.

"My dear," said he aloud, "I'll try to make you happy. And—and you don't mind, do you, if I leave you now?" queried this ardent lover. "You see, it's absolutely necessary I should see—see Miss Hugonin about this will business. You don't mind very much, do you—darling?" Mr. Woods inquired of her, the last word being rather obviously an afterthought.

"No," said she. "Not if you must—dear."

Billy went away lugging a heart of lead in his breast.

Kathleen stared after him and gave a hard, wringing motion of her hands. She had done what many women do daily; the thing is common and sensible and universally commended; but in her own eyes the draggled trollop of the pavements was neither better nor worse than she.

At the entrance of the next walkway Billy encountered Felix Kennaston—alone and in the most ebulliently mirthful of humors.

XX

BUT we had left Mr. Kennaston, I think, in company with Miss Hugonin, at the precise moment she inquired of him whether it were not the strangest thing in the world—referring thereby to the sudden manner in which she had been disinherited.

The poet laughed and assented. Afterward, turning north from the front court, they descended past the shield-bearing griffins—and you may depend upon it that each shield is adorned with a bas-relief of the Eagle—that guard the broad stairway leading to the formal gardens of Selwoode. The gardens stretch northward to the confines of Peter Blagden's estate of Gridlington; and for my part—unless it were that primitive garden that Adam lost—I can imagine no goodlier place.

On this particular forenoon, however, neither Miss Hugonin nor Felix Kennaston had eyes for its comeliness. Silently they braved the griffins, and in silence they skirted the fish-pond—silver crinkling in the May morning—and passed through cloistral ilex-shadowed walks, and amphitheatres of green velvet, and terraces ample and mellow in the sunlight, silently. The trees pelted them with blossoms; pedestaled in leafy recesses, Satyrs grinned at them apishly, and the arrows of divers pot-bellied Cupids threatened them, and Fauns piped for them ditties of no tone; the birds were about shrill avocations overhead, and everywhere the heatless, odorful air was a caress; but for all this, Miss Hugonin and Mr. Kennaston were silent and very fidgety.

Margaret was hatless—and the glory of the eminently sensible spring sun appeared to centre in her hair—and violet-clad; and the gown, like most of her gowns, was all tiny tucks and frills and flounces, diapered with semi-transparencies—unsubstantial, foam-like, mere violet froth. As she came starry-eyed through the gardens, the impudent wind trifling with her hair, I protest she might have been some lady of Oberon's court stolen out of Elfland to bedevil us poor mortals—with only a moonbeam for the changeable heart of her, and for raiment a violet shadow spirited from the under side of some big, fleecy cloud.

They came presently through a trim, yew-hedged walkway to a summer-house covered with vines, into which Margaret peeped and declined to enter, on the ground that it was entirely too chilly and gloomy and *exactly* like a mausoleum; but near by they found a semicircular marble bench about which a group of elm trees made a pleasant shadow, splashed at just the proper intervals with sunlight.

On this Margaret seated herself; and then pensively moved to the other end of the bench, because a slanting sunbeam fell there. Since it was absolutely necessary to blast Mr. Kennaston's dearest hopes, she thoughtfully endeavored to distract his attention from his own miseries—as far as might be possible—by showing him how exactly like an aureole her hair was in the sunlight. Margaret always had a kind heart.

Kennaston stood before her, smiling a little. He was the sort of man to appreciate the manœuvre.

"My lady," he asked very softly, "haven't you any good news for me on this wonderful morning?"

"Excellent news," Margaret assented with a cheerfulness that was not utterly free from trepidation. "I've decided not to marry you, beautiful, and I trust you're properly grateful. You see, you're very nice, of course, but I'm going to marry somebody else, and bigamy is a crime, you know, and, anyhow, I'm only a pauper, and you'd never be able to put up with my temper—now, beautiful, I'm quite sure you couldn't, so there's not a bit of use in arguing it. Some day you'd end by strangling me, which would be horribly disagreeable for me, and then they'd hang you for it, you know, and that would be equally disagreeable for you. Fancy, though, what a good advertisement it would be for your poems!"

She was not looking at him now—oh, no, Margaret was far too busily employed getting the will (which she had carried all this time) into an absurd little silver chain-bag hanging at her waist. She had no time to look at Felix Kennaston. There was such scant room in the bag; her purse took up so much space there was scarcely any left for the folded paper; the affair really required her closest, undivided attention. Besides, she had not the least desire to look at Kennaston just now.

"Beautiful child," he pleaded, "look at me!"

But she didn't.

She felt that at that moment she could have looked at a gorgon, say, or a cockatrice, or any other trifle of that nature, with infinitely greater composure. The pause that followed Margaret accordingly devoted to a scrutiny of his shoes and sincere regret that their owner was not a mercenary man who would be glad to be rid of her.

"Beautiful child," spoke the poet's voice sadly, "you aren't—surely, you aren't saying this in mistaken kindness to me? Surely, you aren't saying this because of what has happened in regard to your money affairs? Believe me, my dear, that makes no difference to me. It is you I love—you, the woman of my heart—and not a certain, and doubtless desirable, amount of metal disks and dirty paper."

"Now, I suppose you're going to be very noble and very nasty about it," observed Miss Hugonin resentfully. "That's my main objection to you, you know, that you haven't any faults I can recognize and feel familiar and friendly with."

"My dear," he protested, "I assure you I am not intentionally disagreeable."

At that she raised velvet eyes to his—with a visible effort, though—and smiled.

"I know you far too well to think that," she said wistfully. "I know I'm not worthy of you. I'm tremendously fond of you, beautiful, but—but, you see, I love somebody else," Margaret concluded with admirable candor.

"Ah!" said he in a rather curious voice. "The painter chap, eh?"

Then Margaret's face flamed in a wonderful glow of shame and happiness and pride that must have made the surrounding roses very hopelessly jealous. A quaint mothering look, sacred, divine, Madonna-like, woke in her great eyes as she thought—remorsefully—of how unhappy Billy must be at that very moment, and of how big he was, and of his general niceness; and she desired, very heartily, that this fleshy young man would make his scene and have done with it. Who was he, forsooth, to keep her from Billy? She wished she had never heard of Felix Kennaston.

Souvent femme varie, my brothers.

However, "Yes," said Margaret.

"You are a dear," said Mr. Kennaston, with conviction in his voice.

I dare say Margaret was surprised.

But the poet had taken her hand and had kissed it reverently, and then sat down beside her, twisting one foot under him in a fashion he had. He was frankly grateful to her for refusing him; and, the mask of affectation slipped, she saw in him another man.

"I am an out-and-out fraud," he confessed with the gayest of smiles. "I am not in love with you, and I am inexpressibly glad that you are not in love with me. Oh, Margaret, Margaret—you don't mind if I call you that, do you?—I shall have to, in any event, because I like you so tremendously now that we are not going to be married—you have no idea what a night I spent. I consider it most peculiar and unsympathetic of my hair not to have turned gray. I thought you were going to have me, you see."

Margaret was far too much astonished to be angry.

"But last night!" she presently echoed, in candid surprise—"why, last night you didn't know I was poor!"

He wagged a protesting forefinger. "That made no earthly difference," he assured her. "Of course, it was the money—and in some degree the moon—that induced me to make love to you. I acted on the impulse of the moment; just for an instant the novelty of doing a perfectly sensible thing—and marrying money is universally conceded to come under that head—appealed to me. So I did it. But all the time I was in love with Kathleen Saumarez. Why, the moment I left you I began to realize that not even you—and you are quite the most fascinating and generally adorable woman I ever knew, Margaret—I began to realize, I say, that not even you could ever make me forget that fact. And I was very properly miserable. It is extremely queer," Mr. Kennaston continued, after an interval of meditation, "but falling in love appears to be the one utterly inexplicable, utterly reasonless thing one ever does in one's life. You can usually think of some more or less plausible palliation for embezzlement, say, or for robbing a cathedral, or even for committing suicide—but no man can ever explain how he happened to fall in love. He simply did it."

Margaret nodded sagely. She knew.

"Now, you," Mr. Kennaston was pleased to say, "are infinitely more beautiful, younger, more clever, and in every way more attractive than Kathleen. I recognize these things clearly, but it does not appear, somehow, to alter the fact that I am in love with her. I think I have been in love with her all my life. We were boy and girl together, Margaret, and—and I give you my word," Kennaston cried with his boyish flush, "I worship her! I simply cannot explain the perfectly unreasonable way in which I worship her!"

He was sincere. He loved Kathleen Saumarez as much as he was capable of loving any one—almost as much as he loved to dilate on his own peculiarities and emotions.

(Continued on Page 21)

"MY LADY," HE ASKED VERY SOFTLY, "HAVEN'T YOU ANY GOOD NEWS FOR ME ON THIS WONDERFUL MORNING?"

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Mosquitoes and Bad Drainage

AS TO the mosquito, that poisonous thorn upon the beautiful rose of country life——

Wherever there is perfect drainage there are no mosquitoes. Wherever there is not perfect drainage the mosquitoes will come, no matter how often or how thoroughly the larvæ are killed off. In Central Park, New York City, the mosquito makes it a torture for a human being to walk in many of its delightful paths after sunset. In the Champs Élysées and the Tuileries Gardens, where the foliage is dense, the drainage is so perfect that there are no mosquitoes, although mosquitoes abound in badly-drained hotel gardens a few yards away.

The mosquito is a warning of danger that should not go unheeded. If you have mosquitoes you or your near neighbors probably have badly-drained grounds; and it isn't necessary to explain what a breeder of sickness bad drainage is.

At the Feet of Minerva

IT IS probably true, as the often quoted statistics seem to show, that the proportion of married women among the women who go to college is lower than among those who do not. But what does that prove? The fact not taken into account as a rule in drawing inference from those statistics is that in the past the women who went to college were very often those who were either not especially attractive to men or not especially attracted by men. They were very often physically plain and also studious rather than light. And is it not reasonable to assume that of those women many were able to get husbands as a result of their college training where they would have died old maids had they remained unadorned of high education?

In other words, higher education as an aid to matrimony is demonstrated by the surprisingly low percentage of old maids among the college women of the past in which, in larger part, girls who had put matrimony aside as only a vague possibility for them went to sit at the feet of Minerva.

The Silly Season

THIS is the season when every one except the utterly solemn and the hopelessly shelved tries to do at least a little something toward showing appreciation of the proverb, "Who lives without folly is not so wise as he thinks." But let no man—nor any woman, either—entertain the delusion that character and capacity are not as indelibly impressed upon amusements as upon the graver work of life.

There is intelligent folly; then there is the stupid kind—the kind that indicates poverty of imagination, absence of resource, a fundamental thinness of mentality. Again, there is spontaneous folly—the foolish gayeties that spring up suddenly in the midst of the abandon of the mind of relaxation; and there are also the premeditated follies—such worthless and driveling imbecilities as dog parties.

What kind of mind plans such inanities? What kind of minds consent to employ themselves in execution? It would be unkind to say. Only—the young man and the young woman who do so are not likely to be very valuable citizens of the Republic or to contribute much to making what children they may have either prosperous or happy.

Panama Teaching Us Thrift

IT HAS remained for the most unbusinesslike people in the world to teach the most businesslike people the elements of national business sense. The Republic of Panama has set aside $6,000,000 of the $10,000,000 paid to it for the canal concession as a permanent fund, which it has invested in mortgages on Manhattan real estate. American critics have found something humorous in this proceeding, not seeming to realize that it contains anything worthy of our imitation.

Hardly any government in the world appreciates the value of keeping its interest account on the right side of the ledger. If an individual were to borrow money for any little luxury that happened to strike his fancy, and never put anything into the savings bank, he would be thought on the road to ruin. Yet that is what practically all governments do. They go into debt on any sort of provocation at all, and load posterity with an interest charge that cripples the national energies, but they never seriously try to get ahead and have this interest help the taxpayer instead of burdening him. Some governments do have productive investments in things like railroads and telegraphs, but that is because they want to run the railroads and telegraphs, not because they are consciously providing for a rainy day.

Nearly seventy years ago we were just in the present position of the Republic of Panama. We had paid off our national debt, and had a surplus of $37,000,000 in the treasury. But instead of investing that money thriftily we distributed it among the States, which squandered it in speculative enterprises that made it a public curse. A year later the Government could not pay its bills, and was begging bankers to shave its notes. We have never been out of debt since, and just before the Civil War began we were borrowing money at twelve per cent.

So ingrained is the borrowing habit among us that even now we have provided by law for issuing bonds to pay for the construction of the Panama Canal, although we have enough idle money in the Treasury to cover the entire work. It might be well for the Republic of Panama to give its creators a few lessons in finance.

The Past and Future of Man

WE HAVE from two distinguished sources rear and forward views of man, and it is to be regretted that from neither standpoint is there much reason why the highest of creation as he exists to-day should vaunt his pride. The past robs him of part of his glory, and the future holds the awful possibility of his reduction to second place in the animal kingdom.

First, we may travel back a few thousand years with the famous Assyriologist, Professor A. H. Sayce, whose words have the weight of authority. In reading the facts of the ancient monuments he finds that the oldest inhabitants were really very gifted persons. Egypt and Babylon had their literary activities, their great libraries and their strenuous politics. "We have learned many things of late years from archæology," he writes; "but its chiefest lesson has been that the age of Moses, and even the age of Abraham, was almost as literary an age as our own." Of course, the writers of those times did not have to send return postage on their manuscripts—it would take a few bushels of two-cent stamps to get back a hieroglyphic slab—but they wrote as persistently and quite as well as people do to-day. So why should man boast of his progress during the thousands of years that have come between?

But that is not the worst. Mr. H. G. Wells, who has dipped into the future far as a novelist's eye may see, and who makes it pay, delivered before one of the important scientific associations of England this year a serious and able address on The Discovery of the Future. Near the end he made the remarkable declaration that he did not think much of man, and he went on to say that if evolution had produced him from its long labors, starting with the lowest form and building up to the present biped, there was excuse for believing that at some great moment in the distant future it would find a higher expression of its handiwork.

So there he is—a clothes-wearing, trolley-chasing animal, whose thoughts are little better than they were in Abraham's time, and whose ultimate fate may be the monkey's place at a Newport dinner!

America the Bogey-Man

AMERICA does not fare so hardly at the hands of foreign critics as it did a few years ago, before the telegraph and the steamship and our inventors and merchants and professional men began to awaken Europe to what was happening beyond the Atlantic. But those foreigners who attempt to describe us—and, indeed, we ourselves—labor under an almost insurmountable difficulty. The other big nations of the earth are geographical expressions; and the potential nucleus of each is soon seen to be small and easily analyzable. But the stupendous empire of America, possessed by a homogeneous population of 80,000,000, of whom an amazing number is highly efficient—there is a fact beyond grasp.

It is not strange that Europe is made vaguely nervous. Nor is it strange that we ourselves sometimes grow nervous about our own future, forgetting that all that is necessary to the realization of our fullest possibilities is for each one of us to attend intelligently to his own business.

No Time to Rot

ONE of the great facts of this modern world is the rapid decline of leisure. Where men jog along the present pace compared with the pace a generation ago is as automobile to "one-hoss shay." Where men used to be in something of a stew and a rush, the active energy now keeps things boiling incessantly. The resolute idlers have to toil at idleness, because the various forms of amusement demand ever more and more energy for their pursuit. The world, the whole world—rich and poor, professional man and merchant, farmer and artisan, city, town and country dwellers—works as it never worked before. And to-morrow will be busier.

The result is a rejuvenating world, young and eager and hopeful as it has not been in all historic time, as it probably has not been since the human animal first learned how to assert its dominion over the rest of the animal kingdom.

America Afloat

IT IS gratifying to learn that the percentage of American citizenship among the sailors of our navy has risen from just over fifty in 1890 to nearly ninety-five this year—and that it would be still higher but that foreigners employed in menial capacities keep it down. Also, it is gratifying to learn that these sailor-defenders of the flag are coming, more and more, from American homes—from the farms of the West—Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Kansas. But, as is so often the melancholy fact, there are counter reflections.

The aristocratic idea still survives to a certain extent in our military and naval service; and it will be, unless the system is changed, all but impossible for these men to rise to any but the pettiest subordinate positions. They are therefore enlisting voluntarily for a career with a future so small that it is not satisfactory to think of born Americans deliberately binding themselves to it. And this fact must indicate that, small as is the pay and hard as is the life of the sailorman, it is yet more attractive than what offers at home, or on land anywhere within their reach.

Just Around the Corner

A FRENCH army officer—Rénard, chief of the military balloon service—announces a new motor of his invention: one that takes up very little room, produces enormous power, and therefore increases the efficiency of all existing engines and brings the airship nearer. He tries to be moderate in his assertions, but it is impossible not to feel that he hopes he has really found the long-sought-for motor.

All about us Nature is daily giving demonstrations that a vast power can be possessed by a very light medium; but man has not yet been able to learn the lesson she is trying to make him understand. He is still struggling along with slightly modified adaptations of the motors used when history began its records. And so he can hardly lift himself above the earth or get a boat to go a few feet beneath the surface of the sea; and with infinite labor he achieves a speed which a bird can outwing without effort.

But the motor the world waits for seems now just beyond the near next turning in the road of progress.

A Patriotic Slander

CERTAINLY it is not for lack of journalistic egging-on that the other nations refrain from rushing into the Russo-Japanese embroilment. In every country of Europe, and to a deplorable extent in our own country, a large part of the press seizes upon every bit of misrepresentation or misunderstanding or misinformation and fans it vigorously. Here, it is an "insult" from Russia that is "grave" or "provocative of strained revelations"; there, it is an "insult" from Japan that indicates how "bumptious," how "menacing to the white races," she has become.

This unfortunate attitude—were the public temper of civilization less pacific it might be easily disastrous—is not the result of bloodthirstiness or maliciousness, or even of a desire to sell papers. It is simply the human instinct for busybodyishness, released from the responsibility which controls it when the spoken word is spoken of an individual. To slander an individual is plain, criminal slander. To slander a people is often aggressive patriotism.

A Senator of Two Republics

By G. G. VEST

Late Senator from Missouri

ISHAM G. HARRIS

IT HAS been often stated to me by eminent citizens of the State that but for the influence of Isham G. Harris, who had just been elected for the third time as Governor, Tennessee would not have seceded from the Union. The people were greatly divided on the question of joining the Confederacy. Their sympathies were naturally and unquestionably with the South, but there were many thousands of Henry Clay Whigs and Andrew Jackson Democrats who revered the memory and teachings of those great leaders, both of whom were earnestly opposed to nullification and secession—the dogmas to which John C. Calhoun had devoted his life. Besides this, Kentucky was coquetting with armed neutrality and the Crittenden Resolutions, her attitude being so doubtful that if Tennessee seceded it would place her on the border, to be devastated by contending armies during the entire war.

Governor Harris was a typical representative of the old Southern politician, who, as a class, has almost disappeared from public life. They were, as a rule, men of great ability, careless about their personal habits, but with a high sense of honor in all their private and public relations. They were not at all ascetic or puritanical in their tastes and modes of living, but they looked upon office as a sacred trust, the use of which for private ends was criminal. Governor Harris possessed a vigorous intellect, an iron will, and courage of the highest order. His integrity and devotion to honest convictions were above all suspicion.

When he was convinced that Nashville would fall into the hands of the enemy he removed the State funds in the treasury, amounting to a very large sum, to a place of security known only to himself and a few trusted friends, where the money remained until the war had ended, when he returned every cent to State officials who had been elected by the people.

Of course, a man with the qualities and temperament of Governor Harris had enthusiastic friends and bitter enemies. The most conspicuous among the latter was William G. Brownlow, editor of the Knoxville Whig, between whom and Harris there existed lifelong antagonism. Brownlow was in many respects a very remarkable man, and the acknowledged Whig leader in East Tennessee. Harris served during the last three years of the war as a volunteer aide upon the staff of the general commanding the military district of Tennessee, and was by the side of Albert Sidney Johnson when that officer was fatally wounded at Shiloh. After the Confederacy collapsed and his old enemy escaped to Mexico, Brownlow, who was then Acting Governor of the State, offered a large reward for the capture of "one Isham G. Harris, calling himself Governor of Tennessee," whom he described as a man of middle height, stoop-shouldered and with a sinister countenance, very profane in his conversation and exceedingly fond of liquor. When this proclamation was shown to Harris he said with a sardonic smile, "If Brownlow had been treated as he deserved this paper would never have been issued. He was a prisoner at Knoxville during the first year of the war, but the Richmond authorities permitted him to remain in his own house and furnished a guard to protect him and his family from annoyance and insult. He was permitted, after a few months' confinement, to go through the lines to Washington City, and returned to act as Governor. In this proclamation he evinced his gratitude for the leniency shown him when a prisoner."

In 1877 Governor Harris was elected to the United States Senate and served in that body continuously for twenty years, until his death. He was a valuable member of the Senate so long as his health permitted him to discharge his official duties. He was not an orator, but always commanded attention, because he never hesitated to declare his real opinions, and his arguments were always clear and forcible. He was for a time President pro tem. of the Senate, and discharged the duties of that position with great ability. It was, however, as a member of the Finance Committee that he rendered the most efficient public service.

The Bond Issue Inquiry

IT IS not my purpose to attack the motives of President Cleveland, for I believe him to be honest and patriotic, although I differed with him widely during his second administration. In the heat of debate I recognize now the fact that I said much against his public action which I sincerely regret, although I have not changed my opinion on the questions then before Congress. That Mr. Cleveland is a man of ability and courage there can be no question.

The administration of President Harrison, finding itself confronted with a deficit in the Treasury, caused by extravagant and unnecessary appropriations during his term, had prepared plates for the issuing of bonds to be sold, in order

Editor's Note—This is the last in a series of the late Senator Vest's personal recollections.

HON. ISHAM G. HARRIS

to obtain money for the ordinary expenses of the Government; but General Harrison and his Secretary of the Treasury, both of whom were shrewd and experienced politicians, determined to leave the bond issue as a legacy to their Democratic successors, and the result was that Mr. Cleveland was confronted with the immediate necessity for using the plates which were found in the Treasury Department when he was inaugurated. Although not responsible for the deficit, and fully aware that the average American citizen would charge it up to the administration which issued bonds for meeting the deficiency, Mr. Cleveland and his Cabinet had but one course to pursue and that was to meet the crisis promptly and preserve the public credit. Instead, however, of a popular loan, which would have gone far toward avoiding the criticism attending every bond issue, Mr. Carlisle, Secretary of the Treasury, with the approval of the President, sold the bonds as an entirety to J. Pierpont Morgan and August Belmont, representing the Rothschilds and other large capitalists. The bonds advanced so rapidly in the market after the sale and there was so much adverse criticism in regard to the transaction that the Senate adopted a resolution instructing the Finance Committee to inquire what price had been paid and to whom the bonds had been sold by the purchasers and for what amount, it being publicly charged that Government officials were interested in the profits. The Committee on Finance appointed a subcommittee of five Senators to take charge of the matter, with power to send for persons and papers, the majority of the subcommittee being Democrats. Senators Harris, Walthall and myself were placed upon the sub-committee, and our first meeting was in Washington, where Secretary Carlisle was examined fully, and stated that the President and himself had considered the sale in gross to Morgan and Belmont as the most economic and desirable way in which to dispose of the bonds. He said that it was necessary to make the sale at an early date and to avoid the expense which would attend a popular loan in the employment of additional clerks and arranging the necessary details for such a loan. The subcommittee then adjourned to the city of New York, where Messrs. Morgan and Belmont appeared, accompanied by their counsel, Mr. Stetson, and testified that no Government official was interested, directly or indirectly, in the bond purchase. But when asked to whom they had sold the bonds and for what price they declined to answer, stating that their counsel had advised them to remain silent.

When Messrs. Morgan and Belmont declined to answer there were but three courses for the sub-committee to pursue. The committee had no power to punish for contempt, and could only drop the matter or report it to the full Senate for its action, or to meet again in Washington City and summon the recalcitrant witnesses to appear in that city, when, if they persisted in their silence, they could be proceeded against under a special statute, applicable only to the District of Columbia, which provided that the facts should be reported to the United States District Attorney to be laid before the District Grand Jury, by which body indictments could be found and the parties tried and punished by fine and imprisonment. I have no doubt myself that the general power exists in either branch of Congress to punish for contempt witnesses summoned before a Congressional committee who refuse to answer proper questions, but the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States in the case of Hallett Kilbourne against the Sergeant-at-Arms of the National House of Representatives, in which it was declared that the House had no power to compel the secretary of a corporation to produce the books and papers of the company before a committee of the House, seems to have made Congress timid on the subject, and resort has been had to the special statute, which is exceedingly limited in its provisions, instead of to the inherent power of each House to punish witnesses for refusing to give proper and necessary evidence before committees of inquiry. The question is in a most unsatisfactory condition, and there should be some express legislation by Congress placing the authority of the two Houses in such cases beyond all doubt.

After the sub-committee had gone into executive session for the purpose of determining what course should be pursued, I was astonished to find that every member of the sub-committee except myself was opposed to any proceeding against Messrs. Morgan and Belmont. My two Democratic colleagues, Senators Harris and Walthall, gave as the reason for their action the testimony of Mr. Carlisle and Messrs. Morgan and Belmont that no Government official was directly nor indirectly interested in the bond purchase, and that national banks must be considered as agents of the Government.

Senators Harris and Walthall were lawyers of ability, and though I thought then, and think now, that their conclusion was unfortunate, in view of the effect produced upon the public by declining to pursue the matter further, I was compelled to acquiesce in the result reached by the majority.

Committee Work on the Tariff Bill

WHEN the Wilson tariff bill of 1894 came to the Senate from the House of Representatives it was referred to the Finance Committee and then sent to a sub-committee, consisting of Senators Harris, Jones, of Arkansas, and myself. We labored diligently for nearly three weeks in revising the House bill, hearing Senators and parties interested in its provisions, until we had prepared a measure which we considered a tariff such as the National Democratic Convention of 1892 had recommended in its platform. A caucus of the Democratic Senators was then called, to which the bill we had prepared was submitted, and the result was three days of wrangling and acrimonious debate such as I had never heard before and hope never to hear again. The bill prepared by the sub-committee was violently assailed as absolutely destructive to the manufacturing interests of the East and the sugar interests of Louisiana. One of the Louisiana Senators, Senator White, who had been recently appointed Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and had been confirmed by the Senate, but who retained his seat for the purpose of taking part in the tariff legislation, declared that the sub-committee who framed the bill might just as well have gone into his State with a bowie knife in one hand and a torch in the other, as to have proposed such a measure. At the end of three days the sub-committee was instructed by the caucus to prepare a bill which could be passed through the Senate, and with this nebulous, uncertain and unsatisfactory result we were left to grope our way through the difficulties and obstacles presented by local and sectional selfishness.

Irritated and disgusted by what I had seen and heard in the caucus, and foreseeing, as I thought, the inevitable outcome, I had determined to resign from the sub-committee and leave to some one else the thankless and humiliating task which had been assigned me. When Senators Harris, Jones and myself returned to our committee-room I said to them that I did not propose to go any further in the consideration of the tariff bill until I had some distinct understanding as to what course would be pursued by the administration if we were unable to frame a Democratic measure which should pass the Senate, but were compelled to make such concessions to the protected interests as would render the measure utterly unacceptable to ourselves and the Democratic party of the country. I called their attention to the storm of calumny and slander that was already being poured upon us in the newspapers and by our enemies, and that this storm

would increase in fury if we reported a bill such as would secure a majority vote in the Senate. I stated emphatically that I did not propose to be accused of selling out to the trusts, to be besmirched by the filthy falsehoods which would be circulated, nor to be left to bear the whole burden for legislation not in consonance with my convictions and for which the administration might declare itself not to be in any way responsible. We knew, I further said, that the loss of three Democratic votes in the Senate would beat any bill we might propose and that twice that number of Senators had declared in the caucus that, unless concessions were made to interests in their respective States which were utterly antagonistic to a Democratic tariff, they would oppose the bill. Senators Harris and Jones said they agreed with me entirely in all I had said, but wanted to know what could be done to meet the difficulties I suggested. I replied that it should be ascertained at once from the President and Secretary of the Treasury whether they proposed to assume their share of the responsibility for such a measure as we might be compelled to report, and, if they declined to do so, I was determined for myself to resign from the sub-committee. Senator Harris then suggested that we should go at once to the White House and Treasury Department to have personal interviews with the President and Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of knowing what we were to expect in the future. I declined to go to the White House, as I had determined not to do so again unless sent for by the President on public business; but I expressed my willingness to accept any report made by my colleagues on the sub-committee after they had seen the President and Mr. Carlisle and had a full understanding as to what we might expect hereafter from the administration. Senators Harris and Jones called a carriage and went directly to the White House, but finding the President out for his afternoon drive, they went to the Treasury Department and, after a full conversation with Mr. Carlisle, returned to the Capitol, where I remained for the purpose of hearing their report. They stated that the Secretary of the Treasury had told them it was absolutely necessary to pass some tariff bill or else have the Democratic party discredited before the country, and that he would support us in any legislation we might be able to enact. I told Harris and Jones that I would not be satisfied until we had heard from the President himself, and on the following morning they saw him and reported to me that he indorsed fully what Mr. Carlisle had said on the preceding afternoon and would assume his part of the responsibility for any bill we might be able to pass. Reluctantly I agreed to go on with the disagreeable task placed upon us by the caucus, but I did so under a sense of duty and without any expectation of enacting a tariff law such as would meet the wishes and opinions of myself or the party to which I belonged.

After weeks of toil and humiliating compromise, we reported the bill to the Senate known now as the Wilson-Gorman bill. It passed by a vote of thirty-nine in the affirmative to thirty-four in the negative, showing that a change of three votes would have defeated the bill. When sent to the House that body refused to concur in the Senate amendments and asked for a committee of conference, which was granted, and Senators Harris, Jones and Vest were appointed Senate conferees. The conferees of the two Houses met at once, and we endeavored to explain fully the Senate's situation and that it was simply impossible to pass the House bill through that body. The House conferees (Wilson, of West Virginia; McMillan, of Tennessee, and Montgomery, of Kentucky) denounced the Senate amendments as un-Democratic and strongly remonstrated against their adoption. We agreed to all they said, but told them the President and Secretary of the Treasury had declared it absolutely necessary to pass some tariff measure and that this was the best we could possibly do. After further denunciation, I ventured to illustrate the conditions confronting us by the story, so often published, and many times garbled, of my experience at a variety theatre and saloon-adjunct in the Far West which I had attended when a very young man in a frontier mining town. After the first act of a thrilling drama, the proprietor, dressed in typical costume of the frontier, wearing a flannel shirt, with his trousers in his boots and a large six-shooter suspended from a leather belt, appeared before the drop curtain and announced in stentorian tones that Miss Lillie Dale, the celebrated prima donna, would now sing Down in the Valley. A drunken miner shouted, "Miss Lillie Dale is no good and can't sing worth a d——n." Fixing his eye upon the offending party, and without any change of countenance or voice, the proprietor repeated, moving his right hand significantly toward his six-shooter, "Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Miss Lillie Dale will now sing Down in the Valley." And Miss Lillie Dale did sing Down in the Valley without interruption.

After more than two weeks of unremitting labor, the conferees were unable to agree, and, without any notice to the Senate conferees or any intimation whatever, Mr. Wilson read in the House of Representatives a letter from President Cleveland stating that the Senate bill then pending was an act of treachery and dishonor to the Democratic party.

It would have been infinitely better for the country and party if Mr. Cleveland had vetoed the bill and given his reasons plainly and distinctly for so doing. As it was, he furnished the Republicans with an unanswerable argument against all that we could say upon the tariff question during the approaching canvass, Congressional or Presidential. The spellbinders of the Republican party could make no appeal so efficient as was the letter of President Cleveland to Mr. Wilson. It was published by the Republican press in every county and State of the Union.

I look back now upon what occurred during the debate and conference on the Wilson-Gorman bill as a nightmare, from the effects of which I have never recovered. Before the conference ended three of the conferees had broken down under the constant strain to which we were subjected. Wilson was attacked by facial erysipelas, and in a few days afterward I became a victim of the same malady. We sat opposite to each other, our faces discolored by iodine, and looking like two Indians painted for a war dance. In a short time afterward Senator Harris also went upon the sick list, and told me subsequently that he dated the failure of his health from the effects of overwork and constant anxiety incident to the struggle over the Wilson-Gorman bill of 1894. Senator Jones was also stricken down with angina pectoris and was compelled to go abroad in order to obtain relief. I have myself never been able to recover from the exhaustive labor to which I was subjected during that terrible struggle.

What I have here written is not to criticise Mr. Cleveland nor any one else, but in simple justice to the living and dead.

THE DARK CLOSET

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

I ain't afraid of the dark and I ain't afraid of the rain
At night when the drops go "Swish!" like sand on the window pane;
I ain't afraid of the wind that whispers and groans around
And rattles the blinds and makes that shivery, cryin' sound;
The shadows that's on the stairs don't frighten me any more,
Nor the streaks that creep and creep with the moonlight 'cross the floor;
I ain't been 'fraid of these not since I was awful small;
But the closet in grandma's room—I don't like that at all.

It's right down under the eaves, and even the brightest day
You can only see in there the littlest bit of way;
And my! but it's awful long and dreadfully dim and black,
And you don't know *what* might be a-watchin' you there in back;
And you can't see nothin' plain, and you only guess and guess,
And you think this thing's a coat, and you s'pose that that's a dress,
And you *hope* they didn't move, but you ain't real sure, and so
You stand and stare and hark, and then—well, then, you go.

At night, when the lamp shines in, it's worse than it was before,
For the light just only makes a round place on the floor,
And you see a big old hat and a faded figured shawl
With the great black shadows hid behind 'em on the wall;
And a funny haircloth trunk, and you don't know what's inside,
And a little chair that b'longed to your Auntie Jane that died
When she was a little girl not nearly as big as you—
And they're all so stiff and sad, and they *smell* so lonesome, too.

And it ain't just what you see, but it's what you're 'fraid you will,
And it ain't the sounds you hear, but it's 'cause it's all so still;
And it makes you feel as if the things folks used to wear
And play with and own and like were buried and dead in there.
I'm brave as the most of boys; I go up alone to bed,
And I ain't 'fraid of the wind nor the thunder overhead;
I ain't afraid of the night, like I was when I was small—
But that old dark closet place, I don't like that at all.

Hunting Wild Honey

By FORREST CRISSEY

NO KIND of woodcraft is able to cast over its devotees a stronger spell, a more subtle enchantment, than that of hunting wild honey. But to become successful in this curious pursuit—whether followed as a mere pastime or a calling—you must be "a born bee-man."

There is, as the old bee-hunters express it, "a knack to it that don't come by hard tryin'." A veteran aptly defined the need of this special instinct: "Some men can walk all 'round a bee-tree and bump their heads against it; but if they hain't got *bee-sense* they won't locate the swarms in a year. But you can tie the hands of a real natural-born hunter—one that's got a *nose* for honey—and if the bees are flying he'll go to the right tree, no matter if it's in the centre of a hundred-acre woods."

Bees are strangely human little creatures, and in no manner is their likeness to men more pronounced than in the violence of their antipathies. The misguided man who fancies he has a call to become a bee-hunter, but who runs counter to the mysterious prejudices of the bee himself, will be made aware of his mistake in short order when once he attempts actually to follow his call.

Wherever, in a tree country, clover, basswood, buckwheat and other choice honey blooms abound, and the climate is not too tropical to make a winter's store of honey unnecessary, the hunter of bee-trees may apply his odd craft. However, as most wild swarms have a domesticated ancestry, it naturally follows that wild bees are more plentiful in a settled than in a pioneer country. This is not saying that every wild swarm is a "runaway" swarm from a domestic hive; but there can be no doubt that bee-trees are far more numerous in localities where the farmyards are dotted with hives.

Communities equally well stocked with wild honey differ greatly in the extent to which the practice of hunting it is followed. Undoubtedly the craft is traditional in certain localities. Because the boys of the community have heard their elders relate exciting bee-hunting exploits they "take to the box," and thus the sport is handed down from one generation to another. A reputation for being a "great bee-tree place" becomes one of the permanent associations of a locality, and the pastime lives and flourishes as a matter of local pride.

Perhaps there are many localities richer in the traditions of bee-hunting than Chautauqua County, in Western New York, but none meriting that praise are familiar to the writer. To forage the fields and woods of that pleasant land with its veteran honey-hunters is a joy to be remembered; and to sit, of a winter evening, about the "cannon" stove of Farar's general store, in the little hamlet of Stockton, and listen to the tales of bee-trailers, provoked by the recent felling of a well-stocked honey-tree, is to plunge at once into the heart of woodlore. In such surroundings were heard the experiences here presented—but in their original telling was a tang of individuality and a spice of interruption that defy transference.

"Better tell how you opened your first tree, Will," said the man on the sugar-barrel, adding the comment: "Will Wakeman knows more about bees than all the rest of the folks that ever set a box, swung an axe or tasted honey in the town of Stockton."

Tilting his chair against the end of the counter, the "crack bee-man" of Bear Creek Valley smiled recollectively and answered:

A Mistaken Invitation

"Well, I never *will* forget *that* tree. You see, our folks had kept bees as long as I could remember, and I was used to handling 'em—that is, the tame ones. One day, when I was about fourteen years old, I just happened to locate a bee-tree, not far from the house. It was my first wild swarm, and from the looks of things I concluded there must be lots of honey in it. My brother, although younger, was about my size, and we always shared everything in the way of fun or work. But it wasn't enough to have him help cut and open my first bee-tree. Nothing would do but my mother and sisters must be on the ground and see the whole thing.

"They carried pails; my brother took the axe and saw and I brought the bee-bonnet or mask which we used in hiving the tame bees and the oilskin gloves for the protection of the hands. On this occasion, in addition to my shirt and overalls, I wore a pair of boots. Brother and I had handled the axe enough, so that we had no difficulty in felling the big basswood right where we wanted it. As it crashed down across a log it split open and laid bare a deposit of honey that made my mouth water. Bovlike, the minute I saw that honey I thought of nothing else, and rushed right up to the opening from which the bees were pouring out in a black cloud. This was what I had been accustomed to do when our domestic Italian bees swarmed—and, besides, I was protected by all the armor that was ever used when hiving our bees at home.

"But my wild swarm was of a different kind and temper from the domestic. They were the little black natives and as ugly as hornets. Before I had been among them two seconds they found the weak spots in my armor and made the most of it. The bee-bonnet protected my head and face; my thick hickory shirt and the oilskin gloves turned the stingers from body, arms and hands; my boots came up high on my legs—but there was still a space left that was covered by only a single thickness of overalls, and in one spot that thickness was so thin that every stinger went through it as if it had been mosquito-netting. Pride tried to hold me there for a minute—then I took to the brush and yelled for my brother to follow me.

"When I came back, a few minutes later, I had his overalls on outside my own. This made too much for the bees to sting through—and, besides, they had settled back on the honey and filled up with it until they were comparatively good-natured. But as I lifted out the cards of honey, brushed off the bees and filled the pails, my brother would stick his head out from behind a tree (on each side of which I could see a corner of his hickory shirt) and yell: 'Is there lots of it, Bill? Good! Can't y' hurry up, I want my pants—they're flyin' 'round here some.' Mother and the girls laughed so that they couldn't eat any of the honey or be of much account in helping take care of it. Of course, my pride was hurt, and I made up my mind then and there that I would never again invite ladies to the cutting of a bee-tree. Although I was so sore that I could scarcely sit down for a week, the splendid haul of honey helped, in some measure, to heal my wounds. But it didn't cure me of the bee-tree craze. From that time to this I've hunted them as much as my time would allow—and perhaps more; for any person that gets the real hunch after wild honey would rather follow a line of bees than eat."

An Inventive Bee-Hunter

Not long after this experience young Wakeman added a daring and picturesque feature to the taking of wild honey that surprised the veteran hunters and gave him a permanent place in the traditions of the craft. Up to that time all bee-trees had been felled before being opened. He found a tree which could not be conveniently felled, but which, near the top, held a busy swarm which he was determined to "rob." Instead of the usual heavy axe and the long "cross-cut" saw, he and his brother went to this tree armed with a hatchet and a small hand-axe, in addition to rope, pails and a bundle of rags saturated with melted sulphur. The tree was too large to be "shinned up," and consequently he climbed a small beech, which helped him to reach one of the large lower branches of the bee-tree. From this he climbed to the hole by which the bees entered their retreat.

Quickly stopping this hole with the sulphur-soaked rags, he lighted them and poked them inside. This process was several times repeated until the bees were thoroughly "killed down." Then he "sounded" the tree to determine the length and character of the cavity occupied by the honey-makers. His hand-saw was then applied and two cuts made into the hollow trunk, at the top and bottom of the cavity. With sure and careful strokes with his hatchet he then proceeded to split out a small section of the shell. This done, he was able to take out the nearest cards of honey with the least possible mutilation—for the comb is almost invariably smashed and broken when the tree is felled in any save cold winter weather.

He had carried his tope up with him, and, using a convenient limb as a pulley, pails were attached and hoisted to him ready for filling. So successful was this first experiment in opening standing trees that young Wakeman devoted a part of his "honey-money" to the purchase of a pair of "climbers" of the sort used by telegraph linemen. These made his ascent of trees more rapid and perhaps a trifle less dangerous, but what he gained on this score he lost by additional recklessness, and once, at least, came near paying the penalty for his daredevil methods. The tree he mounted was of large girth; but by using his climbers and holding the ends of a hickory withe which encircled the great trunk, he was able to hitch his way up to the lower limbs. Then he threw away the withe and mounted still higher to where the bees were located.

After the tree had been successfully opened, the honey lowered and the rope pulled down, it suddenly occurred to the young climber that he could not make his way from the lower limbs to the ground. This was being "up a tree" with a vengeance. Finally, however, he figured out an ingenious way of retreat. Cutting a limb he trimmed it to a pole, and by the skillful manœuvring possible only to natural climbers he lodged its end in the crotch of the nearest tree where a limb joined the trunk. The other end of the pole was firmly lashed with small withes of bark and twigs to the limb upon which he was located.

His task was to walk this pole bridge from the big tree to the smaller one. It was fully sixty feet from the ground, and for a portion of his way there were no branches above him to which he could hold and steady himself. But the lad balanced himself neatly and made the passage to safety with as sure and firm a step as that of a trained tight-rope walker, although his companions below were dumb with fright.

"First find your bee-tree—then cut it," is an old and wise, if somewhat ironical, saying of the bee-hunters. And there is more real sport in locating the trees of the wild honey-makers than in robbing them of their sweets. Only one bee-hunter of my acquaintance scorns the use of a "box" and "runs his lines" with the naked eye. Ordinarily the hunter starts out with a small box of light wood having a slide in the bottom, by means of which a narrow slit may be quickly opened or closed at pleasure. In the top of this is a small pane of glass or mica. A second and much shallower box, so constructed that the larger one may easily rest upon it, is supplied with a bit of honeycomb on which is poured a solution of sugar or any kind of sweets. These, with a light pedestal made by nailing a shingle upon the end of a broom-handle, complete the bee-hunter's outfit, unless he is opulent enough to own a compass and "spy-glass." Only the aristocrats of the craft have these coveted accessories.

"Lining" the Bee to His Tree

Naturally, the work of tree-hunting must be done in warm weather, when the bees are hard at work putting in their store of honey for winter. The fact that a bee always flies in a straight line to his home makes it possible to "line" a bee-tree. It is this characteristic of the clever little honey-maker that has given rise to the familiar expression, "straight as a bee-line."

Going to a convenient clover or buckwheat field, the hunter opens the slide in the bottom of the box and claps it down over the clover-head. At once the imprisoned bee rises to the top of the box and tries to escape through the glass. This trapping process is repeated until a dozen or more bees are made captive. Then the hunter proceeds to "set" his box. The sharp point of the broom-handle is thrust firmly in the earth and the shallow box placed on its shingle platform. Above this the large box is placed and the slide opened. At once the bees settle down upon the sweets and begin filling. The "trap" box is removed, and when each bee has gathered his burden he rises in flight—his every movement watched by the keen eyes of the hunter. For a moment the honey-maker describes a circle

or two, then gets his direction and darts away like an arrow.

Not all the captive bees, perhaps, will fly in the same direction. In fact every one of them may have a different home — and many of them may be inmates of domestic hives. But here is where the "bee-sense" of the hunter comes in; here he distinguishes between a false lead and a true one, remembering in what direction the domestic swarms are located and keeping in mind a score of other points. But the process of "lining" the tree has only begun with the flight of his captives, for the hunter knows that in a few minutes those fiercely eager workers will return, bringing mates with them. So great is the haste of these honey-gatherers to get back to a rich find — like the sugary trap of the hunters — that they will unload their sweet cargoes upon young bees not yet trained to field work, leaving these novices to make the deposit in the comb cells while they hasten to the hunter's box to secure another load.

If the number of bees working on the box quickly increases, and most of them take flight in the direction of woods or isolated timber, the hunter naturally concludes that he has a "line" on a bee-tree. Sometimes the box becomes black with bees in a few minutes, nearly all of them leaving in the same direction. Then he knows that he has struck a "strong line" on a near tree. In this case, if he is a natural and experienced hunter, he will try at once to locate his tree without taking the precaution of cross-lining. Sighting some object in the direct line of the flight, he will move his box to that point, rest it there for a few moments, make another observation, and then move forward again until he comes to the tree in which the swarm is housed. Some lines "work so strong" that the hunter does not need to "set" his box, but simply carries it forward, following the procession of bees leaving the box in such rapid succession as to form a "regular rope."

Usually, however, the hunter finds it necessary, after marking his direction, to "move over" and establish a cross-line. When this is done it is comparatively easy for the adept to mark where the two lines intersect. And there, of course, the bee-tree will be found — if the hunter has ears and eyes for the kind of game he is tracking. Should he chance to carry his box past the tree he will soon discover his mistake, as his box will be comparatively deserted. Bees will not readily "back track" on a direct line, carrying their honey in squarely an opposite direction from that followed when the box was first set.

Mr. Frank Randall, a veteran bee-hunter of Stockton, has long since discarded the use of the box and hunts his trees "with bare hands and naked eye." Although he is well advanced in years and confesses to difficulty in reading a newspaper without spectacles, he can see bees in the upper air when the novice of thirty years cannot distinguish them. To a rare degree Mr. Randall possesses "bee-sense," and he is one of the few men who can "pick up a line" on a bee-tree without any of the ordinary tools of the craft.

"I started in working this way," said Mr. Randall, "almost accidentally. One day I happened to pass between a big buckwheat field and a piece of woods. Naturally, I always notice bees, and so many of them were going past me in the direction of the timber that I said to myself: 'If you only had your box with you it wouldn't take long to locate several trees the way these fellows are working.' Then I stopped and listened and watched. There was a steady run of loaded bees going right past where I stood — flying slow and steady as a heavily-loaded bee always flies. It seemed to me that I could almost follow that line without a box. The minute this idea came to me I determined to try it. At first I went very carefully, but in a few minutes I gained confidence and walked right ahead as if I were carrying a box. The bees led straight into the thick timber, but my line was strong. A bee-hunter's ears get rather keen, as well as his eyes, and I could tell the sound of a returning worker some distance away. After I had run my line some way into the woods I spotted a hemlock that looked likely. A minute later I could see the bees going into a hole fifty feet above.

"Where I had picked up this line I had noticed another lead that seemed almost as promising. If I could go back and get another line and locate another tree this new way of hunting, I thought, would certainly be a decided success. Consequently, I determined to try it. In less than thirty minutes I had put my mark on another good tree, and from that time to this I have hunted without a box when going alone. Though it is not, by any means, so sure a way, it is more rapid when the working season for bees is at its height and they are flying in large numbers."

The bee-tree which presents the most curious interior is the hemlock. Every limb of a hemlock extends to the heart of the tree, and when the centre of the trunk decays these knots or butts of limbs are left sticking into the cavity. Bees are ingenious builders and they use these spikes as girders upon which to hang their structure of honeycomb. Though this is well enough for the bee it makes trouble for the bee-tree hunter, who must carefully cut the comb away from every one of these fastenings. A hollow basswood, cucumber or maple makes an ideal hive for a wild swarm, as the cavity is likely to be large and clean.

Of course, the size of the honey cards depends upon the proportions of the cavity. Sometimes cards six and even twelve feet long are taken from big cavities where the swarms have been undisturbed for years. Generally, however, they are three or four feet long, and a tree that yields twenty to fifty pounds of rough honey is regarded as a success.

If rightly handled wild honey retains its original delicious flavor. Because of the breakage of the comb, incident to felling the tree and cutting out the cards, the most of the wild honey has to be strained. Too often those intrusted with this task put the mass in an oven and heat it to the melting point, after which it is strained. Instead, the honey should be placed in a cone of cheesecloth, hung in a warm room, and allowed to drip without heating. This preserves the delicate flavor of the wildwood sweets — and makes the drippings as clear as mountain dew.

The Workingman in Business for Himself—By J. M. C. Hampson

The Amazing Growth of Coöperation in the United States

COÖPERATION is making great headway at this time in the United States, and at last on a practical basis. Coöperation is the opposite of competition, and competition is beginning to be somewhat disturbed. The object of the congress recently held at St. Louis was to form a coöperative union in this country.

There is a coöperative union in the British Isles; delegates from all the coöperative societies hold an annual congress there. The last annual congress was held at Doncaster, and the delegates present represented nearly 3,000,000 workingmen, and, including their families, one-eighth of the population of the British Isles. The business done by the British coöperative societies included in the coöperative union amounted to over $400,000,000 for the year 1903. The profits returned to coöperators during that year amounted to over $50,000,000. The figures are stupendous; they are the result of sixty years of coöperation.

Almost more wonderful was the showing made by the coöperative wholesale society of England and Scotland for the year 1903. The wholesale society is a great enterprise owned by all the retail societies, who are in turn owned by the consumers; therefore the wholesale society is primarily the workingman's business. Last year it had a turnover of $92,000,000 on a capital of $5,034,000, returning net profits, after allowing for various contingent funds, subscriptions to hospitals, aid to the striking quarrymen, and various educational and other philanthropic works, of $1,681,000. This wholesale society has been in existence for just thirty years. It owns its own plantations in Ceylon; it has enormous manufacturing establishments all over the British Isles, and establishments in Denmark, Australia, New York, Montreal and other points. It employs 13,000 people in England; it owns its own steamship lines running as far as Asia Minor; it is a member of the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Produce Exchange, and it marks the apotheosis of the workingman as a businessman. From start to finish it is run by the army of workers of the British Isles, and when these millions of workers through their delegates meet in their annual congress, after disposing of their own business — coöperators, be it said, always mind their own business very strictly — they invariably put themselves on record on the grave questions of the day which are of vital moment to them.

Thus it is not surprising to find that at the congress held last year the British workmen entered an emphatic protest against any effort to tamper with the free-trade policy of the country, and in particular against any interference with the new harmonious relations which are existing between the two great Anglo-Saxon races; and, being composed of every shade of religious denomination, as might be expected, they went emphatically on record for non-sectarian schools, and in plain language denounced the Educational Act of the British Government, and in particular the new Educational Act for London.

If, in the space of a few short years, the workingmen of the British Isles have accomplished so much for themselves by coöperation, what will not the results be in a few years in the United States?

Many coöperative enterprises have been planned in the past; many have flourished for a short space and disappeared. Spasmodic and sporadic have been the efforts; lack of cohesion their characteristics; lack of business head their immediate cause of failure, and lack of understanding of coöperation the cause of their decline.

Most of the American coöperators until a few years ago failed to realize that coöperation is not a theory, not a political system, not a social millennium, but a hard, matter-of-fact business proposition, that, carefully carried out, brings those results which enable people of comparatively limited resources to better their education, their lives, their surroundings and their social standing. From a mere struggle for existence, coöperation brings men out to a life of comparative comfort. It is eminently for the masses, and means the combination of their effort and their money.

It is in the last four or five years that coöperation has on practical lines begun to make great strides in this country, and it is quite reasonable to suppose that the prevailing high prices have brought the necessity for it and the satisfactory results which have been accomplished.

From year to year the crowd of middlemen have been on the increase in all lines of business until the distance between the actual producer and consumer has widened so much that both suffer for want of mutual support and understanding. Coöperation takes away the distance. Coöperation brings the producer and consumer together. Coöperation is a union of producers or a union of consumers, as the case may be. In its legitimate conclusion it is a union of both. It is a union without intimidation. It makes for peace.

A few years ago the fruit producers of California, or, at any rate, in many of the small towns and villages, realized that they were getting little for their crops; they also realized that they were paying far too much for the supplies which they needed to conduct their business and to live — supplies which, for the most part, were bought from manufacturing centres in the East through the hands of countless middlemen. They formed coöperative societies. They banded together to sell their produce as one man; they bought their supplies by the wholesale for themselves. Last year forty-five societies on the Rochdale coöperative system, and representing societies from Dos Palos, Santa Rosa, Sacramento, Oakland, and so on through all the California centres, did a business amounting to over $15,000,000. They have formed for themselves

a wholesale society in San Francisco, modeled on the plan of the cooperative wholesale societies of England and Scotland.

In the State of Washington there are over twenty-four successful cooperative societies operating on the same lines, and in such centres as Seattle there are coöperative retail stores with branch establishments in different parts of the city.

In Kansas there are thirty-six successful cooperative stores now in full blast.

It is not long since the writer received word from a small place in Utah that certain of the farmers combining together to sell their produce had obtained a good price, and in combination had been buying their supplies last winter at a saving, for example, of one dollar and twenty-five cents a ton on all coal they consumed. Each man in this society had paid five dollars for his share, and they had bought everything and sold everything in quantity. They worked together for the individual good.

Coöperation enables the individual to be benefited by the help of the mass. It gives to the mass the benefit of each individual's efforts. The profits made in the coöperative enterprises or cooperative societies operated on the Rochdale plan are returned to the individuals according to the amount they sell if it is a productive society, or according to the amount they buy if it is a distributive society, after a uniform dividend rate has been established on the capital.

The Rapid Growth of the Coöperative Idea

Thus in Iowa there are hundreds of cooperative creameries, and attention has been already drawn all over the country to the wonderful achievement of the Rockwell cooperative society formed of farmers, with a membership of a few hundred, at ten dollars apiece, which did a business last year of $300,000, or, as they figure it, both ways, buying and selling, a business of $600,000, and at a cost of less than one per cent. This society has, in fact, done $5,000,000 worth of business in the last four or five years, but it is only in the last year that it has operated a great distributive store. Some of the Iowa papers have headed the Rockwell society's achievements, "Coöperation threatens to wipe out a town." Coöperation is certainly the survival of the fittest, and if the small village of Rockwell is composed of parasites on the consumers and producers the sooner it is wiped out the better.

There is no generalization about coöperation in the United States, as a glance over the following soon demonstrates:

A Western federation of miners has run four quasi-coöperative stores at Cripple Creek, Colorado; the millmen of Monessen, Pennsylvania, have started a cooperative store; the coöperative creamery association of Utica, Michigan, did a business of 120,000 pounds of butter last year, bringing an average of twenty-three cents a pound; the labor unions of Denver have organized a cooperative store; the people of Elwood, Indiana, have subscribed shares for a cooperative coal company, and have already saved ten per cent. on their coal; Deposit, New York, has a cooperative store on the same lines as those of Delphi and Port Jervis: the last named has accumulated and paid in profits $800,000 in the last twenty-five years; Montana has a coöperative ranch with 600 shareholders scattered all over the United States, and nearly 150 of whom are women; employees of the Chicago and Alton Railway have a coöperative society in Bloomington, Illinois; the labor unions of South Omaha, Nebraska, have established a coöperative store; the Farmers' Supply Company is a new coöperative society at Anita, Iowa; Milwaukee has now a large cooperative department store, and a great coöperative enterprise is spoken of for the establishment of branch coöperative stores in various parts of the country; the employees of the shipyards at Newport News, Virginia, have started a coöperative store; the miners of Ohio have, by unanimous vote, decided to open several cooperative stores; Lansing, Michigan, has a cooperative association with a capital stock of $25,000.

Out of the wreck of the many theoretically sound farmers' granges, started some years back, several still survive and are doing well, and new ones are being started on a business basis right along. The Central Pomona Exchange at Syracuse, New York, and others at Herkimer, Little Falls and other places are doing well. The Herkimer society was organized twelve years ago with a capital of $4000. The stock of goods has been increased each year, and a dividend never lower than six per cent. has been declared right along, while at the annual meeting last January a dividend of twenty-five per cent. was declared. The sales for the year amounted to $60,000. The Grangers' Mercantile Association, of Little Falls, recently declared a dividend of twenty-five per cent. The railway men at Parsons, Kansas, have started a coöperative store; and the farmers of Albert Lea, Minnesota, now have a cooperative store; the farmers of Manitowoc, Wisconsin, have lately established a cooperative store; the unions of the Black Hills district of Southern Dakota have started a cooperative store at Lead, South Dakota; Lake Linden (Michigan) Society, of Lake Linden, Michigan, has just declared its fourth annual dividend at seven and one-fourth per cent. on purchases and seven per cent. on shares, to be divided among 418 members; and so on all over the country.

How the Dividends are Allotted

This brings us to the matter of dividends. Most of the stores now being established are on the Rochdale system. Membership is obtained by purchase of shares at five dollars or ten dollars apiece, which is used as a fund to buy supplies in quantity, and the profits made out of the saving effected by buying in quantity are divided among the members according to the amount they buy. If an individual buys ten dollars' worth, and a dividend is declared at the rate of ten per cent., he gets back a dollar; if he buys fifty dollars' worth he gets back five dollars in profits. Many of the societies and organizations are, however, organized on what is known as the civil service plan, so named after the great Civil Service Coöperative Association and the Army and Navy Stores of London. Their object is to sell at cost price as near as possible, and a membership is not always the same as a partnership in the business, which is looked upon more or less as an investment, and which investment receives the profits over and above the cost of running the establishment and the low price charged members for their supplies. Membership is usually set at five dollars and entitles the holder to buy at low cost, but does not bring any other share in the profits than the reduction given in price. In the regular coöperative society the members are also shareholders. Cooperative societies sell to outsiders, but, of course, it is in the interest of outsiders to become members so as to get the full extent of the rebate.

The extraordinary development of cooperation of late is illustrated very well by the statement that shares in the Civil Service Association of London, which forty years ago were sold at two dollars and fifty cents each, are to-day valued at over $1000 apiece. In the Rochdale cooperative associations shares, however, are kept at the same figure to members, no matter how prosperous the society; but inasmuch as these societies, by their enormous transactions, gradually acquire ownership of buildings, land and manufacturing establishments, it can readily be understood what the true value of the shares may be.

Some Surprising Figures

The Harvard University Cooperative Society, which has been running successfully for many years past, has done good service for the undergraduates, and touches the outside world — the people — in so far as the residents of Cambridge are able to buy from the store at low coöperative prices, though they do not receive any dividend on their purchases.

The figures relating to cooperation in the United States have been so quietly and quickly built up in the last three or four years that they are amazing. In ten years the tremendous achievements of the British Isles will be surpassed. There are something like 50,000 societies in America at this time of various kinds. There are 5000 "coöperative" building and loan associations alone, but these societies are scarcely of the true coöperative kind; there are 400 fraternal coöperative societies; 2000 mutual fire coöperative societies; 5000 cooperative creameries and cheese factories, and about 3000 cooperative telephone companies, the most striking of which is in Michigan, where in one county for three dollars a year the farmers are able to have telephone conversation with all points in their county, and through their own central telephone exchange to all parts of the United States.

There are also many hundreds of cooperative elevator associations, particularly in Minnesota. Probably twenty-five to thirty per cent. of the adult population of the United States belongs to some kind of a cooperative association, though they are not all run on the same lines and they are not all so named.

LITERARY FOLK
Their Ways and Their Work

THE SUMMER HARVEST

THAT shrewd observer, M. Octave Uzanne, told us lately that never had life in France been so little affected by literature as now. This, he thinks, is due to the increasing taste among the people for scientific studies, and also to the recent enormous overproduction of trashy fiction.

It is different with us. The public in this country grows more ravenous for reading matter each year. It is estimated that a new book now has a chance to reach fifteen millions more possible readers than it would have had ten years ago. The taste of this great mass of book-buyers is not critical. If a scholar offers them a summary of learning, to amass which he has given his life, they sniff at it contemptuously, and pass it by. Give them fancies delicate as Lamb's, or Stevenson's, and they are bored. They want to be driven to vigorous laughing or crying, to be jerked violently for an hour out of their weary daily grind. But they are decent folk. The high-seasoned gossips of Lucas Malet, Amelie Rives or the visiting Elizabeth were not to their liking. They want to hear of joking, healthy old men, or of true lovers, or of hard-hitting fighters, whether they lived in the days of Raleigh or Lincoln.

To meet this demand a swarm of authors lately have buzzed into sight countless as the seventeen-year locusts and, I fear, as short-lived. Your daughter still at college, your typewriter, your office boy, all have published their novels.

If you have been out of the country for a year or two you look at the gigantic heaps of novels upon the bookstalls, bewildered as Rip when he woke in the new town. They are thrown off, every month or two, by these facile geniuses who recently have become famous and whose portraits and biographies fill the papers.

Huge piles of these popular novels now lie upon my table. There is something appalling to a normal mind in these masses of love and crime and incident, each cleverly cut and trimmed to catch buyers, like joints of meat dressed for the market.

Let them wait until we look at the other books offered for our summer reading.

Most of these show as soon as you open them that they, too, are made books, bits of second-hand wit or knowledge pieced together, and sent out to catch our spare dollars.

When a book—or a man—is so pieced together and sent out into the world merely to make money, no skill will hide the fact.

The most numerous of this class this summer are books of travel.

The Art of the Pitti Palace, by Julia de Wolfe Addison *(L. C. Page & Co.)*, is one of the most useful of them. It is precisely the kind of soliloquy that we might expect from a keen-eyed Boston woman out on her vacation, *au courant de* books on Art, and all the gossip concerning artists, dead and living. Mrs. Addison's chatty volume—as far as it goes—will be as useful to the ignorant American tourist as are any of the better known guide-books written for his help. She is more diffuse than Baedeker and more accurate than Hare. Her point of view is seldom that of the artist, and never that of the devout pilgrim. She is always only the shrewd, suspicious, but good-humored American, peering into odd corners of the old world, in which he always will be an alien.

The war, naturally, has brought out countless books on Japan and Russia. Apparently every tourist who had been in either country made haste to cook up his scraps of knowledge and serve the dish to the public.

One of these made books—and very well made it is—is Eliza E. Scidmore's Jinrikisha Days *(Harper's)*. Mrs. Scidmore lived in Japan long enough to write from behind the shaji—the curtains that shut out the foreigner from the home life of Nippon. She does not have to peep and peer from outside for chance glimpses of these tiny, friendly yellow folk. Hence her reports of their habits, their food, clothes, dealings with servants and neighbors are correct. The volume is useful as a reference in such outside matters.

The Heart of Japan, by C. L. Brinnell *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*, is a fair specimen of the general run of these books. It is made up of scratchy sketches, written, we at once decide, by some up-to-date New York reporter for a Sunday newspaper. The author tells us, however, that he is an Englishman, a Fellow of Arts and a F. R. G. S. He intends to be taken seriously. But as we lay the much begilt volume down we go back to our belief in the reporter and the Sunday paper.

In the same class with these snap-shots at countries we find numerous treatises upon noted buildings, also issued for the benefit of the summer tourist. The most pretentious of these in appearance is Royal Palaces, by Sarah A. Tooley *(Hutchinson & Co., London)*. We have here imposing views of Windsor, Balmoral, Osborne and other royal castles, accompanied by screeds of gossip—both fresh and musty—concerning their tenants. Now, there is undoubtedly a large reading public here and in England who hunger for gossip about kings and queens. But there can be no doubt that this gossip to suit them must have a vicious flavor in it. They like to think that the folk who carry crowns and sceptres about in the world are made of no better moral stuff than themselves. A book put on the market a year or two ago, dubbed The Secret History of Queen Catharine's Court, had an enormous sale.

I fear that Miss Tooley's little *plats* are too mild and flavorless. She is the most dainty and ladylike of chefs. The dish she serves is suited to a Sunday-school or a village ladies' club rather than to that public which gloats over secret royal scandals.

Warwick Castle *(Hutchinson & Co., London)* is more likely to attract these readers, and all others who relish a book not compiled to catch guineas in the summer sales, but which is the genuine, characteristic utterance of the writer. It is by the Countess of Warwick, well known on both sides of the water as Lady Brooke. Nobody but Lady Brooke could have written this book, and probably nobody but she would have cared to write it.

The Countess of Warwick has long been famous in England for her beauty, her wit, and for certain eccentric charities which she patronizes. She is apparently one of those charming, self-conscious people who resent the notice of the public but are uneasy if they don't get it. She poses in this volume from cover to cover. When we have finished it we feel that it is not the Warwick family, but Lady Brooke, and she alone, whose portrait has been put before us.

Yet the book would have been a better book if she were left out of it. The story of this family, from the old Crusaders and Kingmakers down to her husband, the present Earl, who lectures to trades unions and trained nurses, is a dramatic story of great significance. A more skillful hand could have indexed in it the history of England.

But this clever biographer, for some feminine reason, is at odds with the world, and uses her book as a field on which she can attack and wrestle with all conventional customs. She drops her story at every page to slap and jeer at churchgoing, at the Bible, at conversion, and many other things held sacred by orderly, pious folk. She holds up poor fat Mary Rich, a pious ancestor of the Warwicks, to public scorn, and shrieks with delight when the stupid, honest soul blunders or falls by the way.

She has given much time and labor to the research necessary for the writing of this book. Every student of English history will be grateful for a closer acquaintance with the Grevilles and Riches. But whether the woman who now represents these ancient houses to the world should strip off all reserve and lay bare her personality to the public as she does here is, of course, a matter of individual taste. To the ordinary American reader such unnecessary frankness will seem gratuitous and a little vulgar.

Another imposing volume is Stately Homes in America from Colonial Times to the Present, by H. W. Desmond and Herbert Croly *(D. Appleton & Co.)*.

This is an attempt to cater to the public curiosity concerning the doings and habits of our millionaires. We have in it one or two pictures and brief notices of Mount Vernon and old houses in Maryland. The rest of the volume is given up to descriptions of the huge piles of marble or brick erected recently by the very rich.

Somebody, let us hope, will take a hint from this failure and give us a real history of American homes. If it were honestly done what could be more suggestive or dramatic? There, to begin with, would be caves dug by the first Swedish settlers in the banks of the Delaware, with their shelving wooden fronts; there would be the log blockhouses and forts of the Dutch patroons; the thin wooden cabins of the Puritan on the wind-swept hills of New England; the gray stone homesteads of the first Pennsylvanian and Virginian settlers, squatted solidly in the rich valleys, and girt about with red-roofed barns; the shack of the Californian; the low log house of the North Carolinian Huguenot mountaineers, with an opening in the middle through which a wagon may be drawn; the great pillared plantation house of the Gulf States—all significant of times and perils in which the nation had its birth, of a fusion of races more dramatic than any in history.

Next in number to descriptive essays for tourists are the books on Nature which flood the market this summer. In fact, Nature is a fashionable fad with us just now. Our grandfathers troubled themselves very little about her. They knew when to plant and when to plow; their poets occasionally sang of Mont Blanc, or the "deep and dark blue ocean," or "wee mousies"; but, as a rule, they looked upon beasts and birds indifferently, merely as food or vermin.

But, as Heine says: "*Andere Zeiten, andere Vogel, andere Vogel, andere Lieden.*"

Modern Americans are the birds of a new age, and the songs they sing would puzzle the prosaic old folk.

Richard Jefferies, Thoreau and one or two women long ago began to tell us of our dumb brothers—tree and plant, bird and dog. They talked of them intimately, and with a quizzing fondness, as men do of their blood relations who have queer, lovable ways. For a time they scarcely made themselves heard in the din of the market-place. But a year or two ago a kind of frenzy suddenly seized us all to know this creeping, flying, blossoming world about us to which we had so long been blind and deaf. Nature, for whom familiarity had bred contempt during ages, has now become a more popular deity than Art. We yearn to be intimate, as were these interpreters, with bush and beast, wind and water. Last summer you could not penetrate a wood or swamp in New England without stumbling over some woman flat on her back with an opera-glass at her eyes breathlessly watching a nest or spider's web.

As always, books come by the score, by the thousand, to satisfy the new appetite. This summer we have manuals on birds, beasts and plants—on every creature that flies, creeps, barks or stings. A few of them are of value; many are mere compendiums made for sale, and worth nothing. We have no space here to classify them.

The only books which urgently call for notice are those written by men who undertake to serve as interpreters of Nature to us.

Bradford Torrey is one of the most popular of these. He never degenerates into science. He wanders out to the marsh or hillside and brings back word to us what the trees or orioles or frogs are doing and thinking to-day. His last volume, The Clerk of the Woods *(Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)*, is full of the secrets these friends have whispered to him. He goes out, for instance, to visit an old chestnut tree, and tells us that:

"There is no feeling proud in such company. Anything that can stand still and grow, filling its allotted place and contented to fill it, is enough to put our futile human restlessness to the blush. Mountains and trees make me humble. I feel like a poor relation."

He has a genuine affection for all the outdoor world up from the chickadees and the wild asters to the rivers and granite rocks.

But he is of the true Boston cult, and he loves Nature better because Boston is now taking notice of her. The red-headed woodpecker, brooding, is more of a joy to him because she has forty visitors daily to peer into her nest.

In fact, Mr. Torrey, John Burroughs and other keen-eyed popular interpreters of Nature never forget that they are, in a certain sense, showmen. They respect and love the worm and the bee, but they love and respect their human neighbors more, and are triumphant when they have forced the bigger animal to notice his dumb, strange kinsmen.

This is, perhaps, natural enough, but it contrasts oddly with the attitude of Richard Jefferies toward Nature. He was a part of her. He talked of her and her affairs, garrulously and fondly, as a son might of his mother, and her queer, dear ways. You might be delighted or bored with his talk—he did not know nor care. She was his mother. He went on with his story.

His last book, An English Village *(Little, Brown & Co.)*, is filled with minute notes of her doings, from the gathering of a storm on the hills to the nesting of the missel-thrush, or the slow coloring of the wheat. They are like fragments of a wonderful drama which he has watched going on perpetually on the earth. But the human audience is left out. He has forgotten it.

The only other writer on Nature who shows the same absolute absorption in her is, oddly enough, a woman and an American, Mrs. Martha McCulloch Williams. She has published two books: Field-Farings, which we have noticed before, and, recently, Next to the Ground *(McClure, Phillips & Co.)*.

They are made up of fragments of gossip concerning the oaks, the cows, the worms, the growing things on an old Kentucky farm. They smell of the earth, as much as does the mist rising from a hay field on a June morning. Like Jefferies, the woman who wrote them comes closer to old Mother Earth than do her other human children. She knows how to speak for her.

A large number of semi-scientific books have appeared lately which treat of the relations between man and other animals that we have dubbed inferior.

One of these is Minute Marvels of Nature, by John Ward—a catalogue of facts more marvelous and improbable than any fiction.

The most important of this class of books probably is Experiments on Animals, by Stephen Paget, with an introduction by Lord Lister *(John Murray, London)*.

No space is given here to any contention for or against vivisection. The history is briefly told of the discovery by its help of facts hitherto unknown concerning the origin and cure of diseases in the blood, liver and nervous system.

There are accounts of the investigations of Pasteur and his study of rabies, of Klebs and Loeffler and their attempt to isolate the bacillus of diphtheria, of the inoculations for cholera and the bubonic plague, and of the present effort to check the advance of tetanus and typhoid.

Songs of an Ancient Mariner

BY WALLACE IRWIN

The Constant Cannibal Maiden

Far, oh, far, is the Mango Island,
Far, oh, far, is the tropical sea:
Palms aslant and the hills a-smile and
A cannibal maiden a-waitin' for me.

I've been deceived by a damsel Spanish,
And Indian maids both red and brown,
A black-eyed Turk and a blue-eyed Danish,
And a Puritan lass of Salem town.

For the Puritan Prue she sets in the offing
A-casting of eyes at a tall marine,
And the Spanish maid is the wust at scoffing
Of all of the wimming I ever seen.

But the cannibal maid is a simple creetur
With a habit of gazin' acrost the sea,
A-lookin' in vain for the day I'll meet 'er,
And constant and hopeful a-yearnin' for me.

Me Turkish sweetheart she played me double
And skipped with the Sultan, Al Harem In-deed,
And the Danish damsel she made me trouble
When she ups and marries an oblong Swede.

But there's truth in the heart of the maid o' Mango,
Though her cheeks *is* black as the kiln-baked cork,
As she sets in the shade of the whingo-whango
A-waitin' for me with a knife and fork.

The Sailor's Stovepipe

The crew of us, a few of us, we was on deck a-dancin' of
Two-steps and new steps with light fantastic toe,
When Closon, the bos'n, says, "What's the use of prancin' of
Side steps and glide steps what anyone can go?

"Hornpipes and cornpipes and gaspipes is fun enough,
Hoe-downs and shake-downs is easy dancin' too,
Minuets and mignonettes and barbettes I've done enough,
But the reel old sailor's stovepipe is more difficult to do."

Then bowing once and bowing twice the bos'n shook his limber toes,
Then do-see-do and do-see-don't and count one two,
Then fore and aft he shook our craft beneath his tatting timber toes—
"It's the reel old sailor's stovepipe I'm a-going for to do."

He closed his eyes, he slapped his thighs, he turned a double summersault,
He corn-hoed and pigeon-toed in every sort of way,
He keel-hauled and reel-hauled—I never seen a rummer salt—
And all the time a-whistlin' of The Road to Mandelay.

"The first step's a slow step, but now here comes a daisy one,"
He hollered: and what follered showed that what he said was true,
For he hopped past the mizzen mast and hoofed it like a crazy one
Till both his eyes was saucer size and both his cheeks was blue.

He jigged and jounced till up he bounced yards high above the gunnel-tops
And swung like a circus tike from dory yards to stays,
Then jiggin' through the riggin', too, he slid along the funnel tops,
And doffed his hat and skun the cat in forty-seven ways.

"O stop before ye drop before our eyes!" the sailors cautioned him,
And blew the danger whistle once and rung the engine bell.
"No cause for dread," the Captain said, "he's doing what's been portioned him,
And that's to dance the stovepipe, which he's doing very well."

Then clingin' high and swingin' high the bos'n, like a catter-pult,
Free and fair shot through the air toward the waters green;
Prancin' still and dancin' still he hit the ocean splatter-pult,
Slipped and tripped and double flipped and vanished from the scene.

"Dish him out or fish him out," the Captain said.
"He's done enough
Shake-downs and hoe-downs to satisfy the crew—
Hornpipes and cornpipes, he's proved to us is fun enough,
But the reel old sailor's stovepipe is more dangerous to do."

The Way of a Maid With a Man

(Concluded from Page 9)

She said it made her feel so out of it not to know what people were talking about who played the game—you know she was a poler at college and didn't go in for athletics at all. Well, you can understand it when you look at her. She couldn't get into a sweater and a short skirt and play basket-ball, now, could she? She'd be wanting some man always about to hold her things for her or pitch the ball for her. She's such a dependent little thing. But as to marrying her! Well, to tell the truth, I think her emotions are a little too volcanic to suit me.

"You'll tell Cary this, won't you, Emily? All but that last. Explain how I came to get tangled up with the girl. You can do it so she won't suspect that you're rooting for me. You can bring it in casually without bungling it. Tell her I never gave a serious thought to Flora in my life."

"I will, and I'll get her here for you!" I cried as he rose to go.

I followed him to the door, and as I closed it after him the door of the butler's pantry opened noiselessly and there stood old Mary with her finger on her lips. She motioned me to precede her, and she followed me down the hall to my room and into it, carefully closing the door behind her.

"Missis," she whispered, kneeling down beside my chair, "kick me! Do! I've been made the fool of by that little blister. Lord! if I wouldn't like to take her across my knee with a fat pine shingle in my good right hand. Listen! She heard you at the telephone and knew you expected Mr. Beguelin this afternoon, so she comes to me just after lunch and she says to me, 'Mary, Mr. Beguelin is coming this evening, so I think I'll take a little nap on the couch if you'll cover me up with the brown rug!' The brown rug, see? Just the color of the couch, and the one I always keep put away for the boss. Of course, I couldn't refuse after she said you said to give it to her——"

"I didn't," I interrupted.

"I know it, I know it now! But the little devil knew that I was going out and that you would answer the door yourself——"

"Mary!" I shrieked in a whisper. "She wasn't in there all the time, was she?"

"That's just what she was, listening to every word you said. I just came in a minute ago or I'd 'a' let you know. But he got up to go just as I had my hand on the door-knob."

"What shall I do?" I murmured distractedly. Then, after a pause, I said: "Perhaps she was asleep and didn't hear!"

Mary gave me such a contemptuous look that I hurriedly apologized.

Then Adrian came in and I told Mary to go, and then I told him everything. He thought quite a while before speaking.

"Do you care for her very much, Emily, dear?" he said in his dear, gentle way.

"If she has done the abominable thing that Mary says I'll—hate her! I'll turn her out of the house!" I cried viciously.

"Ah!" said Adrian in a satisfied tone. He knows I wouldn't, but it does do me so much good to threaten to do the awful things I'd like to do if I were a cave woman.

He rose and left the room. I started to follow him, but he waved me back.

"I sha'n't be gone a moment. Wait for me here."

I waited three or four years, and then, when I had grown white-haired with age, he came back.

"Begin at the beginning, tell me everything, and don't skip a word," I demanded.

"Well," he began obediently, "she was sobbing quietly—not for effect this time. I went in softly and asked her what the matter was. She said she had been out all the afternoon to see a friend who had just been obliged to place her mother in a lunatic asylum, and she was crying for sympathy. Then, as she saw me look at my rug, she said Mary had left the rug out for her to take a nap early in the afternoon and that she had intended to, but had decided to go out instead. Now, what I object to is the style of her lying. I admire a good lie, but a clumsy, misshapen, crippled affair like that one is an abomination in the sight of the Lord."

I stood up with a flaming face.

"Don't get excited," said Adrian. "She is going home to-morrow. Keep calm to-night, and the next time you see Artie he will relieve all your feelings by what he will say."

"Why? What does he know?"

"Well, the Also Ran admires athletic girls, you know, not being able to sit astride a horse himself, and through his boasting about Flora, Artie has discovered that Flora is a crack golf player—won the cup for her college in her junior year."

I fell over on the bed in a fit of hysterical laughter.

"If that's the way you are going to take it I feel that I can tell you the worst," said Adrian with a relieved face. "The fact is, I believe that that girl has a game on with the Also Ran."

"Oh, no, Adrian!" I cried. "I know that she is too desperately in love with Artie to care about anybody else. She is so fascinating I have but one fear, and that is that Artie will come under her sway again. If she does Cary would never forgive it."

"You are barking up the wrong tree, my dear," said my husband. "It is far more likely that Artie has already gone too far with Flora for Cary to forgive, and that's why she won't see him."

At that I tossed my head, for I felt that I knew how both Flora and Cary loved better than Adrian did. Flattering myself also that I knew men pretty well, I had my doubts about the strength of Artie's character. It takes real courage for a man to be true to one woman if another woman has pitted her charms against him.

I intended to avoid Flora, but I found her lying in wait for me and beckoning me from her doorway. I went in, and at once, in order to seem natural, remarked upon her red eyes. But it seems that that was exactly what she wanted me to do. The girl had no pride. She wanted me to pity her.

"I'm ready to kill myself!" she cried. "I am perfectly sure that Artie has only been flirting with me and that some one has come between us. You can't want Cary to have him, or why did you invite me here and arrange for me to see so much of him and try so hard to bring us together? You are not two-faced like that, I hope!"

I was too bewildered to speak. Yet how could I answer her questions? Before I left her I was convinced that it was all my fault. I told Adrian so.

"Nonsense!" he said, quite roughly for him. "I think Mary's name for Flora is a good one. She *is* a little blister."

"No," I said. "She is not bad at heart. She is simply an impulsive, uncontrolled little animal, and more frank in her loves than most of us—that's all."

I saw Adrian set his lips together as if he could say something if he only dared, but his way of managing me is to give me my head and let circumstances teach me. He never forces Nature's hand.

Flora's visit was to have terminated the next day, but to Adrian's intense disgust and my utter rout she begged for just three days more, and before I knew it I had consented. As I hurriedly left the room after consenting I turned suddenly and met her gaze. Her eyes were a mere slit in her face, so narrowed and crafty they were; and the look she shot at me was a look of hate.

Too bewildered by this curious girl's inexplicable actions to try to unravel my emotions and come to a decision regarding her, I kept out of her way all I could.

But alas! the very next evening I was at the telephone when I heard Flora run to the door to let somebody in, and before I could speak I again heard her say in that surprised, complaining tone of hers, "Aren't you going to kiss me?"

And then—well, I got up and slammed the door so hard that the key fell out.

What a fool Artie was! What fools all men were, not to be able to keep faith with a woman, and such a woman as Cary Farquhar! I rushed from the study into my room and burst into a storm of tears, in the midst of which Adrian found me.

"Poor little Emily! Poor, discouraged little matchmaker!" he said, smoothing my hair. But at that last I sat up and shook his hand off.

"It's so disgusting of him!" I stammered. "If you could have heard him when he was talking about Flora!"

"How do you know it was Artie who came in?" said Adrian quietly.

I opened my mouth and simply stared at him. Then I went to the glass, smoothed my hair, and straightened my belt.

"Where are you going?" asked my husband.

"I am going to see!" I exclaimed. "And if it isn't Artie—if she is kissing every man that comes into this house I'll—I'll kill her!"

"What! You'll kill her if you find that Artie is not the faithless wretch you were crying about?"

"Oh, Adrian! How can you?" I cried.

He tried to catch me as I flew past, but I eluded him and started firmly down the long hall. But, in spite of myself, my feet dragged.

What was Flora attempting? Did she hate me as her look implied? Did she love Artie as she declared, or was she simply trying to get married?

I kept on, however, goaded by my righteous indignation. To my astonishment, I found, not Artie, but the Also Ran, with Flora frankly in his arms.

They sprang up at my swift entrance, and the man had the grace to look furiously confused. Flora never even changed color. I asked no questions. I simply stood before them in accusing silence. But my looks were black and ominous. Flora gave one swift glance at my uncompromising attitude, and then, with a modesty and grace and sweet appealing humility impossible to describe, she came a step toward me, holding out her arms, and saying plaintively:

"Won't you congratulate me? We are engaged."

I was struck dumb—that is, I should have been struck dumb if I had not been rendered not only speechless but unable to move by the actions of the man. Entirely unmindful of my presence he sprang toward Flora, stammering brokenly:

"Do you mean it, dear? Have you decided already? You said six months! You are sure you mean it?"

Then, not seeing the angry color flame into Flora's pale, calm face, he turned to me, saying brokenly:

"Oh, Mrs. Kendrick! She has teased me so! I never dreamed she would decide so quickly. And I—you will forgive us! But I love her so!"

I looked away from his twitching face to Flora, and mentally resolved never to call him an Also Ran again. He did not deserve it. I am seldom sarcastic, but I knew Flora would understand.

"Flora," I said distinctly, "you are to be congratulated."

Then I turned and left them.

The very day that Flora left Cary came back to me.

"Well," she said tentatively, "what do you think of her?"

"Well," I answered cautiously, "I don't know."

Cary looked at me in disgust.

"Your loyalty amounts to nothing short of blindness and stupidity," she remarked severely. "As for me, I am going to look at the nest the viper left."

So saying she got up and went into the blue room, Adrian and I meekly following.

Pinned to the pillow was a note directed to me. Cary unpinned and handed it to me.

"Cleverest and best of women," it began, "many thanks for your delightful hospitality. I have enjoyed it to the full—far more, indeed, than you know. Look under the mattress of the bed and you will understand."

We tore the bed to pieces. Then Adrian and Cary looked at each other and laughed.

"Now will you believe?" said Cary.

There were cigarette-boxes full of nothing but butts and ashes. There were two of my low-cut bodices. There were some of Adrian's ties and a number of my best handkerchiefs.

I said nothing. I simply stared.

"We all knew of these things, Emily, dear," said Adrian; "but even if you had caught her wearing your clothes or smoking we knew she would lie out of it, so we waited."

"We knew that she hated you so that she couldn't help telling you," added Cary.

"Hated me? What for?"

Cary blushed furiously and looked at Adrian.

"Has he—have you——" I stammered eagerly.

Cary nodded and Adrian looked wise.

While we still had our arms around each other, crying for joy, Mary appeared at the door with her apron filled with the neat little jars of jellies and marmalades I had got for Flora's breakfasts. They had not been opened. Mary regarded me with grim but whimsical defiance.

"The little blister never got a blamed one of 'em, missis!" she said.

THE EAGLE'S SHADOW

(Continued from Page 11)

Margaret's gaze was intent upon him. "Yet," she marveled, "you made love to me very tropically."

With unconcealed pride Mr. Kennaston assented. "Didn't I?" he said. "I was in rather good form last night, I thought!"

"And you were actually prepared to marry me?" she asked—"even after you knew I was poor?"

"I couldn't very well back out," he submitted, and then cocked his head on one side. "You see," he added whimsically, "I was sufficiently a conceited ass to fancy you cared a little for me. So, of course, I was going to marry you and try to make you happy. But how dear—oh, how unutterably dear it was of you, Margaret, to decline to be made happy in any such fashion!" And Mr. Kennaston paused to chuckle and to regard her with genuine esteem and affection.

But still her candid eyes weighed him and transparently found him wanting.

"You are thinking, perhaps, what an unutterable cad I have been?" he suggested.

"Yes—you are rather by way of being a cad, beautiful. But I can't help liking you, somehow. I dare say it's because you're honest with me. Nobody—nobody," Miss Hugonin lamented, a forlorn little quiver in her voice, "*ever* seemed to be honest with me except you, and now I know you weren't. Oh, beautiful, aren't I ever to have any real friends?" she pleaded wistfully.

Kennaston had meant a deal to her, you see; he had been the one man she trusted. She had gloried in his fustian rhetoric, his glib artlessness, his airy scorn of money; and now all this proved mere pinchbeck. On a sudden, too, there woke in some by-corner of her heart a queasy realization of how near she had come to loving Kennaston. The thought nauseated her.

"My dear," he answered kindly, "you will have any number of friends now that you are poor. It was merely your money that kept you from having any. You see," Mr. Kennaston went on, with somewhat the air of one climbing upon his favorite hobby, "money is the only thing that counts nowadays. In America the rich are necessarily our only aristocracy. It is quite natural. One cannot hope for an aristocracy of intellect, if only for the reason that not one person in a thousand has any; and birth does not count for much. So money, after all, is our only standard; and when a woman is as rich as you were yesterday she cannot hope for friends any more than the Queen of England can. You could have plenty of flatterers, toadies, sycophants—anything, in fine, but friends."

"I don't believe it," said Margaret half-angrily; "not a word of it. There *must* be some honest people in the world who don't consider that money is everything. You know there must be, beautiful!"

The poet laughed. "That," said he affably, "is poppycock. You are repeating the sort of thing I said to you yesterday. I am honest now. The best of us, Margaret, cannot help being impressed by the power of money. It is the greatest power in the world, and we cannot—cannot possibly—look upon rich people as being quite like us. We must toady to them a bit, Margaret, whether we want to or not. The Eagle intimidates us all."

"I *hate* him!" Miss Hugonin announced with vehemence. Kennaston searched his pockets. After a moment he produced a dollar bill and showed her the Eagle on it.

"There," he said gravely, "is the original of the Woods Eagle—the Eagle that intimidates us all. Do you remember what Shakespeare observes as to this very Eagle?"

Miss Hugonin shook her little head till it glittered in the sunlight like a topaz. She cared no more for Shakespeare than the average woman does, and she was never quite comfortable when he was alluded to.

"He says," Mr. Kennaston quoted solemnly:

"The Eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wing
He can at pleasure still their melody."

"That's nonsense," said Margaret calmly. "I haven't the *least* idea what you're talking about, and I don't believe you have, either."

He waved the dollar bill with a heroical gesture. "Here," he asserted, "is the Eagle. And by the little birds I have not a doubt he meant charity, and independence, and kindliness, and truth, and the rest of the standard virtues. That is quite as plausible as the interpretation of the average commentator. The presence of money chills these little birds—ah, it is lamentable, no doubt, but it is true."

Mr. Kennaston paused with a slight air of apology.

"If I were you," he suggested pleasantly, "I would move a little—just a little—to the left. That will enable you to obtain to a fuller extent the benefit of the sunbeam which is falling—quite by accident, of course—upon your hair. You were perfectly right, Margaret, in selecting that hedge as a background. Its sombre green sets you off to perfection."

He went away chuckling.

"The *idea* of his suspecting me of such unconscionable vanity!" she said, properly offended. Then, "Anyhow, a man has no business to know about such things," she continued with rising indignation. "I believe Felix Kennaston is as good a judge of chiffons as any woman. That's effeminate, I think, and catty, and absurd. I don't believe I ever liked him—not really, that is. Now, what would Billy care about sunbeams and backgrounds, I'd like to know! He'd never even notice them. Billy is a *man*—why, that's just what father said yesterday!" Margaret cried, and afterward laughed happily. "I suppose old people are right sometimes—but, dear, dear, they're terribly unreasonable at others!" Having thus uttered the ancient, undying plaint of youth, Miss Hugonin moved a matter of two inches to the left, and smiled, and waited contentedly.

It was barely possible some one might come that way; and it is always a comfort to know that one is not exactly repulsive in appearance.

Also, there was the spring about her; and, chief of all, there was a queer fluttering in her heart that was yet not unpleasant. In fine, she was unreasonably happy for no reason at all.

XXI

BUT ten minutes later she saw Mr. Woods in the distance striding across the sunlit terraces, and was seized with a conviction that their interview was likely to prove a stormy one. There was an ominous stiffness in his gait.

"Oh, dear, dear!" Miss Hugonin wailed; "he's in a temper now, and he'll probably be just as disagreeable as it's possible for any one to be. I do wish men weren't so unreasonable! He looks exactly like a big, blue-eyed thundercloud just now—just now, when I'm sure he has every cause in the *world* to be very much pleased—after all I've done for him.

"He makes me awfully tired. I think he's *very* ungrateful. I—I think I'm rather afraid."

In fact, she was. Now that the meeting she had anticipated these twelve hours past was actually at hand, there woke in her breast an unreasoning panic. Miss Hugonin considered, and caught up her skirts, and whisked into the summer-house, and there sat down in the darkest corner, and devoutly wished Mr. Woods in Crim Tartary, or Jericho, or, in a word, any region other than the gardens of Selwoode.

Billy came presently to the opening in the hedge and stared at the deserted bench. He was undeniably in a temper.

But, then, how becoming it was! thought some one.

"Miss Hugonin!" he said coldly.

Evidently (thought some one) he intends to be just as nasty as possible.

"Peggy!" said Mr. Woods after a little.

Perhaps (thought some one) he won't be *very* nasty.

"Dear Peggy!" said Mr. Woods in his most conciliatory tone.

Some one rearranged her hair complacently.

But there was no answer, save the irresponsible chattering of the birds, and with a sigh Billy turned upon his heel.

Then, by the oddest chance in the world, Margaret coughed.

I dare say it was damp in the summer-house; or perhaps it was caused by some passing bronchial irritation; or, perhaps, incredible as it may seem, she coughed to show him where she was. But I scarcely think so, because Margaret insisted afterward—very positively, too—that she didn't cough at all.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA

(Concluded from Page 7)

approaching each other, and as soon as the fingers touched he clasped them together, and remained some time in that position. He has made a will. The tenth instant was fixed for his burial, the spot for which was one he had mentioned as the place he should desire to be laid in were he to be interred here. You may recollect a cottage that belonged to old Sampell, in a valley between the Hutts's gate and Dr. Kay's house. A little above this cottage is a remarkably fine spring of water, shaded by willow trees, and it was from thence that water was daily supplied in two silver vases for the special use of Buonaparte. Here men were employed night and day in excavating a tomb eleven feet deep faced with masonry.

"At ten in the morning of the tenth the troops formed on one side of the road from Longwood gate, nearest to which was the Twentieth Regiment forming the right of the line, next the marines of the fleet, on their left again was posted the Sixty-sixth Regiment, and on the left line the St. Helena volunteers. About half a mile farther on the Royal Artillery were posted with eleven field pieces, the whole of the troops under arms mustering about 1,800 men. At twelve o'clock the governor, the French Commissioner, the admiral, members of the Council, the staff, naval and medical officers, and some others assembled at Longwood House.

"The French people celebrated high mass in their chapel whilst we remained on the lawn. This being over Count Montholon made his appearance and requested the company to walk in. We were received in the drawing-room by Madame Bertrand and the whole French party, except the priest, who remained with the body. Twelve grenadiers of the Twentieth Regiment, who had been kept in waiting, were then called in, passed through the drawing-room, and proceeded to the apartment where the body was laid. The company then arranged themselves on each side of the drawing-room, whilst the corpse was carried out, preceded by the priest in a rich canonical dress, with a silver censer in one hand and a book in the other, repeating a prayer. Young Bertrand followed with a vase of holy water. The French party followed immediately after the corpse, and the British functionaries after, the governor, the admiral, and the French Commissioner bringing up the rear. The body of Buonaparte's carriage had been taken off the springs and replaced by a stage, surmounted by a canopy so as to form a hearse; then followed Madame Bertrand and her daughter in a phaeton covered with black cloth. After them such midshipmen and lieutenants of the navy as attended the funeral, then staff and medical officers and naval captains according to rank, the rear brought up by the members of the Council, General Coffin, the admiral, the Marquis Moncherin, and the governor.

"In passing the troops the band of each corps played a funeral dirge or dead march. When the procession had passed the left of the line the troops then followed, left in front, until the hearse reached the path. The body was then carried by a party consisting of three men from each corps. Upon its being lowered into the tomb three salvos were fired from the field pieces, which together with the infantry were disposed in line upon the road above. After this the priest again repeated some prayers and sprinkled something out of the censer, which concluded the ceremony."

Extract from the Record newspaper, March, 1840.

"Buonaparte's house at Longwood is now a barn, the room he died in a stable, and where the Imperial corpse lay in state may be seen a machine for grinding corn. The oak he planted now shadows the library. His bath is still in the new house, which he never lived to enter. His chessboard is in the possession of the 91st, which regiment is stationed on the island."

The Reading Table

In Correction of an Error

IN AN article by the late Senator George G. Vest on Justice L. Q. C. Lamar, printed in the issue of June 25 of this magazine, the statement was made that Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar "died by his own hand." In this connection we are in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Loretta Lamar Calder, the daughter and only living child of Mr. Lamar, which Senator Vest, were he alive, would be the first to wish to see made public.

"During his appointment as Minister to Nicaragua," writes Mrs. Calder, "General M. B. Lamar died of apoplexy while on a visit to his home in Fort Bend County, Texas, at the Christmas season. Though quite a young child at that time, I can remember how I crept to the door and heard my father's labored breathing; how my mother rushed wildly from the room calling to two of the negro servants to run for the doctor. The physician stated that apoplexy was the cause of my father's death.

"I was personally acquainted with the late Justice L. Q. C. Lamar (who was my first cousin), and I can express my appreciation of him no more highly than by saying that every word of ex-Senator Vest's warm eulogy was more than deserved by my gifted kinsman. Yours respectfully,

"LORETTA LAMAR CALDER."

When Folks Come t' Our House

Ever' one 't comes t' our house talks jist the
 same.
"Hullo, li'l girl," they say, "en what's your
 name?"
"Why, what a pritty name!" they say, en then
Bimeby they ast me what's my name again.
En then when I feel silly for thum, why
They say, "Oh, dear, I do believe it's shy."

Then mebby, affer while, they ast me, "Praps
I'd like to come en sit up in their laps."
En when I say I don't they coax en coax,
As ef I ought to *want* to sit on folks.

En then they say, "How old am I?" en "Oo!"
They say, en lift me like it hurts thum to.
En "What a nice, big girl I am!" as though
Bigness is niceness. 'Cause it isn't so,
For ef it was there's lots of folks would be
As nicer as my mamma is — or me.

En then they stick their fingers at me — *there*,
En pat me on my head en muss my hair,
En say I got my papa's forrid; but
Ef *I* do things to *thum*, pa says, "Tut, tut!
I mustn't." En asts me, "Can't I see
Manners in folks is imperdence in me!"

En then they ast me, "How'd I like to come
En leave my papa's house en live with thum?"
En one day Mr. Fred, who comes to take
My aunt to the-ters, en who eats more cake
Than *I* git, ever' supper-time when he
Is ast by her en ma to stay to tea,
He ast me that. En I says, "No, I can't,
But ef you want some one *real much*, why, ast
 my aunt."
En then Aunt Lou en him they both got red,
En mamma says, "Come, dear, it's time fer
 bed." —*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

The Man Behind the Gun

JOHN S. FLAHERTY, manager of the Majestic Theatre, was talking about old times in Chicago when he mentioned a friend who had a run of hard luck. There had been numerous street robberies, and as this friend was often compelled to be out late at night he bought an expensive revolver as a means of self-protection. But he was not an expert in the use of the weapon, and when he was suddenly confronted by a thug one night, as he was going home, he forgot about the pistol.

"Hand over your money and watch, and be quick about it," said the thug.

"You're a cheap skate," he commented as he counted the money. Then he turned and walked away.

Then the man remembered the revolver and he drew it and began shooting at the robber, who turned and came walking back.

"What are you shooting that gun for?" he demanded.

"It is my gun," said the other, somewhat abashed. "I guess I have a right to shoot it."

"Not by a whole lot," said the thug. "Gimme it."

"And ten seconds later," added Mr. Flaherty, "the thug was walking away with my friend's new pistol."

FOLLOWING ROOSEVELT AS PRESIDENT

(Concluded from Page 3)

His father was a Northern man.
His mother was a Southern woman.
He was educated and raised in the East.
His early manhood was spent in the West.

Thus he understands the people of the East by ancestry, education and rearing.

And he understands the people of the West by actual contact and peculiarly vivid sympathies.

With this foundation, recall now his extraordinary training already mentioned.

Some Historical Facts

Immediately after his graduation from college he became a member of the New York Legislature, where his incessant efforts for whatever was right and against whatever was wrong were so effective that the attention of the Nation was drawn to him.

He took up the work of practical politics in one of the wards of New York, and succeeded; he attended national conventions as a delegate from his own State for nearly twenty years, and in each convention was a factor that compelled consideration and respect.

As the head of the Civil Service Commission his sleepless activity for a pure public service became the subject of universal note and comment. In this position he became practically acquainted with just how the Government is run and just how it ought to be run.

As the head of the Police Commission of the city of New York he became familiar with all of the peculiar conditions of municipal government; and in a country where cities are so numerous and so large, this knowledge on the part of a President, if not necessary, is at least very valuable.

He became Governor of the State of New York, whose immense commercial activities, vast population and other elements make its chief magistracy an excellent school for the duties of the Presidency itself. No one would have thought of Grover Cleveland as President of the United States but for his experience and services as Governor of New York.

His Sources of First-Hand Information

He became Assistant Secretary of the Navy, chosen for that place by President McKinley—and it was a choice compelled by the overwhelming weight of merit, and nothing else. This important post he held during that serious period when the war with Spain was approaching; and it is a matter of common knowledge that much of our preparedness on sea for that conflict was due to the far-sighted and informed work of Assistant Secretary Roosevelt. Few men know as much about the navy and its needs as President Roosevelt. On the outbreak of the war he became second in command of the famous regiment of Rough Riders. He declined the first place upon the ground that he was not sufficiently informed and must first learn—an action thoroughly characteristic of him. His conduct from the moment he first enlisted until his regiment disbanded is a matter of common knowledge and of common pride to all Americans. By actual work in the field, supplemented by painstaking and exhaustive study, he has become better informed upon the army of the United States than any other man in the Republic, with the possible exception of Secretary Root and one or two general officers; and he looks upon both army and navy not so much as instruments of war as guarantees of peace.

Finally, he became Vice-President, and, by the sad circumstances of fate, succeeded to the chief magistracy itself. This bald recital of facts needs no comment. In birth, education, familiarity with every section of the country, in training, study and actual experience, no man in public life to-day in this or any other country approaches his broad and thorough preparation for the great station he fills.

Eve at Heart's Desire

(Continued from Page 5)

wasn't ordinary. No plain woman; no common or crisping variety. Just a specimen of the great North American Girl." He took off his hat. "And may God bless her, goin' or comin'!" said he.

This was the most untoward situation ever yet known in the valley of Heart's Desire. Dan Anderson was proving recreant to our creed. And yet, what could be done?

Dan Anderson presently made the situation more specific. "May old Dad Wilson be confounded!" said he. "If he hadn't found that coal prospect up on the Patos we might have lived here forever."

Coal! That meant Eastern capital. I could have guessed the rest before he told it.

"Oh, of course, we've got to sell our coal mine, and get a lot of States men in here monkeying around. And, of course, it couldn't have been anybody else but the particular daddy of this particular girl who had to come poking in here, to look at the country! He's got money literally sinful."

"But, man," I cried, "you don't mean to say that the girl's coming, too?"

He nodded mutely. "They're out," said he at last. "You can't get away from 'em. They're all over the world."

Here, indeed, was trouble, and no opportunity for speech offered for a long time, as we sat moodily in the sun. At about this time Tom Osby drove his freight wagon down the street and outspanned at the corral of Whiteman the Jew, just across the street. Tom tore open a bale of hay, and threw down a handful of precious oats to each of his hump-backed grays, and then sat down on the wagon tongue, where, as he filled a pipe, he began to sing his favorite song:

"I never loved a fond gazel-l-l-e,"

he drawled out. Dan Anderson drew his revolver and fired a swift shot through the top of Tom Osby's wagon. Tom came up, rifle in hand, like a jack-in-the-box, and bent on bloodshed.

"Shut up," said Dan Anderson.

"Well, I ain't so sure," said Tom, judicially rubbing his chin. "It's a new wagon bow for you fellows; and next time just you don't get quite so funny, by a leetle shade."

I interfered at this point, for trouble had begun in Heart's Desire over smaller things than this. "Don't you know it's Sunday?" I asked Tom Osby.

"I hadn't noticed it," said he.

"Well, it is," said Dan Anderson. "You come here, and tell me what time the stage gets in from Socorro."

"I ain't no almanack," said Tom Osby, "and I ain't no astrollyger."

"He's *loco*, Tom," said I.

"Well, I reckon so. When a man begins to worry about what time the stage'll come in, he's gettin' too blamed particular for this country."

"This," said I, "is a case of Eastern Capital—Eastern Capital, Eve and the Serpent, all on one stage. The only comfort is that no Eastern Capital has ever been able to stay here more than one day. She'll go back, shirtwaist and all, and you can begin over again." But the dumb supplication in Dan Anderson's eye caused me swift regret.

There was no telegraph at Heart's Desire. It was ninety miles to the nearest wire. The stage came in but occasionally from the distant railroads. Yet—and this was one of the strange things of that strange country, which we accepted without curiosity and without argument—there was, in that far-away region, a mysterious fashion by which news got about over great distances. Perhaps it was a rider in by the short trail over Lone Mountain who brought the word that he had seen, thirty miles away, by the longer road up the cañon, the white smoke of the desert dust that said the stage was coming. This news brought little but a present terror to Dan Anderson, as I looked at him in query.

"Man," said he, as he gripped my arm, "you see up there on Carrizo the big cañon where we hunt bear. You know, up there at the end, there is a big pine tree. Well, now, if you or any of the citizens of this commercial emporium should require the legal services of the late Daniel Anderson, you go up the cañon and look up the tree. I'll be there. I'm scared."

By this I knew that he would, in all likelihood, meet the stage and help Eve to alight at Heart's Desire.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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